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The New Statesman and Nation, September 28, 1935

J. M. KEYNES on "Economic Sanctions"

THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. X. No. 240 (New Series) SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1935 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] **SIXPENCE**

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

MUSSOLINI'S rejection—contemptuous in fact if not in form—of the Committee of Five's proposals last Saturday killed one more hopeless hope. The Italian "counter-proposals," it turned out after a rather childish to-do, were not really counter-proposals. But Baron Aloisi has left us in no doubt as to what Italian aims and intentions are. Italy requires the disarmament of Abyssinia, Italian control of administration and police, and territorial concessions that would leave Abyssinia in shreds. In face of such outrageous demands, it could not be pretended that there was the slightest prospect of an accommodation. And since the Duce gives no hint of a willingness to "negotiate," the Committee of Five have been compelled to wind up their business and report to the Council. The Council is meeting as we go to press, and is proceeding under Article XV of the Covenant. That means a report and recommendations, which will be agreed to by all except the Italians. Then, unless a miracle happens, Italy will go to war, and Article XVI, with its economic sanctions, will come automatically into play.

Sir Samuel Hoare and the Duce

Meanwhile, there has been an easing, welcome for what it is worth, of Anglo-Italian tension. The British Government have explained that their naval dispositions in the Mediterranean have no sinister purpose, but have been largely caused by the press campaign in Italy against this country. The explanation has been accepted and the Fascist newspapers have, for the moment at least, abated their fury. At the same time, the Duce has been graciously pleased to listen to a personal message from Sir Samuel Hoare, assuring him that the British people have no animosity against, and no wish to quarrel with, the Italian people. That, of course, is the truth and the Duce knows it perfectly well, though many of his duped and doped fellow-countrymen do not. But what effect is this assurance going to have on his policy? Will it make him more reasonable? Or will he take it as a sign that we mean only to bark and not to bite? A third possibility is that the Foreign Secretary is hinting at a bargain which, however camouflaged, would in fact be a gross betrayal of Abyssinia and of the League. We do not believe the British Government have sunk to such baseness. And, if they were thinking of it, would they dare, with a general election in the offing, to be a party to anything so repugnant to the overwhelming mass of public opinion?

Great Britain and the League

The prime object of Sir Samuel Hoare's message, as we understand it, was to insist not only to Italy, but to others who have been deluged with Italian propaganda, that in this dispute Great Britain is acting in support of the League, as a member of the League, and in harmony with

other members of the League. No doubt the National Government's remarkable and belated zeal for the Covenant is inspired by selfish considerations. But whose is not, in one degree or another—and do not "British interests" and the general welfare coincide in this dispute? Soviet Russia and all the smaller States in the League are clear that they do, and French opinion, despite M. Laval's heroic efforts, has now hardened in the same belief. Given the assurance which they have asked for, and which we assume they are about to get, that British support against the aggressor can be relied on in other cases, the French will join in applying sanctions in this case. Even the bribed Paris newspapers, and the unbribed, but infatuated *Daily Mail*, are losing heart and preparing for the inevitable. What form economic sanctions (for military sanctions are not at present contemplated) may take, and how effective they are likely to prove, is discussed on other pages of this issue. With the rainy season now over in Abyssinia, and with Mussolini apparently as intransigent as ever, we may expect to see them coming into force before many weeks have passed.

The Problem of Colonies

We cannot speculate here on the course of events. But one thing it is important to bear in mind. Supposing the League is successful in defeating Italian aggression, that is not the end of the matter. The whole question of colonies, of the "have" and "have-not" nations, will demand the most thorough investigation. At present the world is the prey of catchwords—"surplus populations," "right of access to raw materials" and the like. Actually, the overcrowding of Italy to-day (in so far as it is a fact) has been deliberately fostered by Mussolini, and few Italians are likely, in any case, to find a home, though many may find a grave, in tropical or semi-tropical Africa. Nor is lack of access to raw materials the real trouble. The raw materials are available in abundance for anyone who can pay for them. But countries like Italy cannot pay for them, because they have neither the cash nor export markets for their own goods in exchange for imports. And for this predicament again Italy, like other countries obsessed with the doctrine of "self-sufficiency," has largely herself to blame. The root of the mischief is economic nationalism—and that means that the problem is not one of mere economic adjustments, but is fundamentally political. It is, of course, none the less urgent on that account; but it is evidently bigger than generous-hearted idealists and hand-to-mouth politicians would have us believe.

The Affairs of Danzig

An admirable report on Danzig was presented to the League Council this week by Mr. Eden, and duly adopted. The report comprised the findings of a committee of jurists, appointed by the Council last May, on a number of complaints of infringement of the Constitution by the Danzig Senate. The Senate is controlled by the Nazis, who represent about 60 per cent. of the population, and it has shown pertinacity and ingenuity in its attempts to interfere with the rights of the minority. Some of its decrees—aimed at exalting Nazi associations and suppressing, or depressing, those of their opponents—and also its suspension of a newspaper, the *Danziger Volkstimme*, the Committee finds to be unconstitutional. Certain others, in particular those discriminating against Jews, though not unconstitutional in themselves are declared to be improper. It is to be hoped that after this rap over the knuckles the Senate will mend its ways, though from what Mr. Lester, the High Commissioner, said, the lion and the lamb are not likely to lie down very comfortably together. For the moment, however, relations with Poland are satisfactory—and they will presumably continue to be so, as long as Germany is pre-occupied with Memel. The odds are that that will be for some little time; as we said last week, we do not think that Hitler has any intention of beginning an open fight over Memel with Lithuania and the Powers.

The Miners' Claims

The Mineworkers' Federation has now concluded its national campaign in support of its demand for a new wage agreement with the coalowners. There is at present no sign at all of any advance towards a settlement. The coalowners still refuse point blank to enter into any national negotiations with the miners, and persist in holding that matters must be dealt with separately in each coalfield. They also refuse, in the separate coalfields, to grant wage-advances, on the ground that the industry is already paying the miners as much as it can afford. The miners have appealed to the Government to intervene in order to bring about a national meeting; but we imagine they have little hope of the new Secretary for Mines proving more amenable than his predecessor in office. But, if the Government refuses to intervene and the owners maintain their present attitude, what is to happen? There is a disposition in some quarters to believe that the miners are still too weak to risk a national strike, when it comes to the point. But the Mineworkers' Federation has made a big recovery in members and spirit during the past year or so; and it would be unsafe to rely on their taking no for a final answer to their claims. The Trades Union Congress at Margate promised them all the help it could give; and they mean to go on, though they are naturally not at all eager to face another strike if they can get concessions without one.

The American Coal-Strike

A strike of coal-miners, said to involve 400,000 men, began in the United States at the beginning of the week. The Guffey Coal Mines Act, though it has been passed into law, does not come into operation till November; and the Government's efforts to prevent the strike by promoting a voluntary agreement did not succeed, though they held it back month after month from the time when it was first threatened in the early spring. The stoppage affects only the bituminous coal mines, the anthracite mines having a separate agreement of their own. It will not therefore directly affect domestic consumers; and even industries will not be much affected at once, as there are big stocks of coal on hand, the owners having used the repeated postponements of strike action to build up reserves. The issues include both wages and hours. Perhaps the chief importance of the struggle lies in the effects it will have on the political situation. Mr. Roosevelt has lately been trying to placate both big business—by promises to go slow with fresh interferences—and labour, *inter alia* with the Guffey Act. But in the present dispute he will not find it easy to please both sides. It may be

fortunate for him that the strike has occurred before the Guffey Act is in operation; for at the moment he can plead lack of authority to act.

The Economic Outlook

The League of Nations has now issued its *World Economic Survey* for 1934-5. The new issue of this important annual review does not make encouraging reading; for, in general, it finds the world economic outlook a good deal less promising than it seemed a year ago. Profits, it is true, have continued to recover, except in the countries still on gold at the old parities; but the recovery in real wages has been arrested in most countries, and profits have been raised only on a basis of low production at higher prices or reduced costs. Low interest rates have indeed stimulated certain forms of output, notably in the building industry; but while there has been some continuance of internal recovery on this account, there has been no corresponding revival of international trade. All this makes depressing reading; but it is important to take note of it, especially because the *relatively* satisfactory position of affairs in Great Britain tends to blind us to the extent to which serious depression persists, not only in the countries of the gold bloc, but in international commerce as a whole. We shall do well to bear in mind that our own improvement—largely due to housing activity—cannot be long sustained unless there is real progress in the world as a whole, which, as the League experts declare, there is not and cannot be as long as each country is pursuing a purely nationalistic policy.

The Milk Squabble

At the beginning of the week there seemed to be a complete deadlock in the milk struggle. The Milk Marketing Board and the Distributors' Committee were bombarding each other with manifestoes. The distributors were trying to stop any of their number from signing any contracts with the Board; and the Board was threatening, when contracts were signed, to improvise a distributing organisation of its own. The Minister of Agriculture, to whom both parties appealed, had referred the dispute for report by the consultative committee set up under the Marketing Act, and would presumably do nothing further till he heard what the committee had to say. On Wednesday, however, after a conference at the Ministry the situation was changed, and, as we write, peace is in sight. But will the settlement which is now expected be more than a truce? The real point at issue in this contest has been whether the distributors can or cannot manage on a narrower margin. It is clearly unjustifiable and inexpedient to raise milk prices in face of the existence of a large surplus of supplies over the requirements of the liquid milk market at the existing prices. But the farmers, who suffer from the low prices realised by milk for use in manufacture, want a larger share of the retail price paid for liquid milk. The distributors declare they cannot afford to pay more without raising their prices. Is there any satisfactory way of ending this triangular war of producers, consumers and middle-men short of a thorough reorganisation of the whole business of milk supply under public control?

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is: Inland, 1d.; Foreign, 1½d.; Canada, 1d.

DO SANCTIONS MEAN WAR?

THE phrase, "Sanctions mean war," has found wide currency during the past few weeks. It has been taken up by friends of Italy, by pacifists, by French publicists eager to keep their country out of any embroilment that might threaten the Franco-Italian entente, and by British jingoes whose warlike ardour is for the moment restrained by a fellow-feeling for Italian Fascism and a desire to exploit the situation in the interests of larger British armaments. This way and that, the cry has gone the round of all those who for any reason want Signor Mussolini to be allowed to do his damnedest to the Abyssinians rather than invoke against him the power of the League. It is, inevitably, a formidable cry; it is designed to rally the lovers of peace to the same side as the lovers of Fascism, and to combine against the League in the present crisis its best friends with its worst enemies.

How far is the cry based on truth? That some types of sanctions *may* mean war is, of course, quite obvious. But there is a difference between what may and what must follow upon a given course of action; and what may be true of some types of sanctions need not be true in any sense of others. Let us try then to see what sorts of sanctions are available, and how far it is true that one or another application of them is calculated to lead to war.

We are dealing here only with sanctions that are of an "economic," or at least of a "non-military" character. The assertion that military sanctions mean war is past dispute. They not merely mean war: they *are* war. The question is whether, apart from the use of military measures, there are workable and effective sanctions that can be used by a group of States against a "covenant-breaker" or "aggressor," and how far such sanctions, if applied, would be certain or likely to lead to war.

Broadly, economic sanctions seem to fall under four main heads. These are: (1) embargoes on war supplies; (2) the boycott of exports from the offending country; (3) refusal to supply goods other than war supplies; (4) financial measures. Other non-military sanctions include withdrawal of diplomatic and consular representatives, or even of "recognition," cultural boycott by the prohibition of tourist traffic, refusal of passports and visas, and so on. These latter have little importance, except in conjunction with other measures, and, in any case, raise no serious problems.

The most obvious application of economic sanctions is the refusal of war supplies. It is ridiculous to suggest that this, taken by itself, must lead to war, at any rate unless "war supplies" are interpreted in so wide a sense as to amount to a general economic boycott. That question we shall discuss later. For the present, we mean by war supplies actual finished arms—munitions of war, and also raw or semi-finished materials destined for use in making finished arms. Here we at once encounter a difficulty. An embargo on finished arms is easy enough, but most unlikely to be effective if the same arms are allowed to go out three-parts, or even half-finished, to receive their last touches in the factories of the importing country. Thus the arms embargo recently imposed on Italy and Abyssinia was ludicrously unfair in its incidence. It did no harm to Italy which is equipped with finishing factories

of its own, but was certainly damaging to Abyssinia. We must agree then that any effective embargo on arms should apply to unfinished as well as to finished supplies. But how unfinished? The farther back one goes from the finished weapon, the harder it becomes to identify materials destined for use in making it. Swords and ploughshares, or their modern equivalents, are not made of wholly different materials. A country that sets to work to arm itself imports for the most part not different things, but more of certain things—especially non-ferrous metals and chemical materials—than it was importing before. The test is quantitative. Is the embargo to be quantitative, too? Is the offending country to be allowed to import as much nickel as it has been in the habit of importing before, or none at all? None at all, if the boycott is to be effective; for otherwise supplies will be diverted from peaceful to warlike uses. But are we to say the same of iron and steel, or of petrol, or of a host of other substances that can be used in war? There is no logical stopping-point between an embargo limited to identifiable weapons and something approaching a general embargo on exports to the offending country. There may be a practical stopping-point none the less—an embargo on all exports of certain "key" materials, such as nickel, on petrol and on a few other carefully selected commodities. If the League decides to attempt such an embargo, it will not find it easy to draw up an agreed list.

Boycott of all exports from the offending country raises far less formidable difficulties. It hampers the country, even if it is not applied by all States; and it could hardly be treated as a *casus belli*. Its disadvantage is that it is bound to be unpopular with the exporters used to trading in the market affected. They will demand compensation from their Governments; and perhaps there will have to be an international compensation fund, for the measures will damage some of the countries applying it far more than others. It has, however, the very great advantage of being perfectly peaceable, impossible to evade, and effective to a large extent even if some countries refuse to apply it. It can certainly be used, in conjunction with an embargo on the export of munitions and key war materials, without the likelihood that it will lead to war.

Add to it the sanctions falling under the fourth head—financial measures. These include refusal to lend, without which the effects of a refusal to import goods from the offending country might be largely neutralised. They include also refusal to allow the money markets of the States applying sanctions to be used for the purpose of indirect borrowing by the offending country through third parties, and perhaps other measures of a highly technical character affecting clearing relationships and dealings between central banks. All these measures, too, can be taken without involving the countries that take them in war with the offending State.

The difficulties become greater when we consider measures under the third head—a general refusal of supplies. Is this to be applied to foodstuffs and other absolute necessaries, as well as to other goods? If so, unless the offending State is largely self-sufficient, serious humanitarian considerations at once arise, at any rate if the boycott is anything like general among other States. But if it is not general, i.e., if some States go on supplying the offender without limit, the entire effect is likely to be destroyed. A partial boycott of a country's exports can be effective; a boycott on imports to it, applied only by some countries, very seldom can.

This leads to the suggestion that the boycott on supplies to the offending country should be enlarged into a positive blockade, including a refusal to allow supplies from any source to be carried in. But blockades cannot be effective without the presence of armed force. They involve the risk both of embroilment with "neutrals," and of armed opposition by the State to which they are applied. They must, unless the offender is really self-sufficient, lead either to war or to complete surrender. To this extent, it is true that this particular sort of sanctions does "mean war."

A closing of the Suez Canal, or a blockade to prevent supplies from passing through it, falls under the same head. It has been suggested that the closing of the Canal need not mean war, because Italy could get enough supplies to carry on with by the Cape route or from the East. If this were so, it would mean that the closing of the Canal would not be enough, and that the blockade should be extended to the ports of Eritrea and Italian Somaliland. We are then back, in effect, in the sphere of general blockade, which has been discussed already. If, on the other hand, the Suez route is vital to Italy, the closing of the Canal would mean war or surrender.

If, then, we are looking for economic sanctions that do not involve war, we shall do well to concentrate our attention on the first, second, and fourth heads, and to behave very cautiously in seeking to apply sanctions of the third sort. The question then is whether sanctions of these three kinds, which can be applied without leading to war, are likely to be of sufficient effect to be worth using.

Such a question cannot be answered generally, but only in relation to a particular case. In the present case of Italy, it is unlikely that an embargo on arms and a limited range of other supplies of use in war could by itself produce any rapid effect *at this stage*. If it were to be effective, it would have to be applied when war preparations were beginning, not when they were already to all intents and purposes complete. Even now, if Abyssinia proved able to hold out for years, they might in the end be effective. But that involves contemplating the toleration of a long war at best, and more probably the crumbling of Abyssinian resistance long before there has been time for the embargo to affect the situation.

Economic sanctions must then include an embargo on the export of munitions; but they will be wholly ineffective for a long time unless they go far beyond that point—and would be even if the embargo could be made universal. If economic sanctions are to produce an immediate result, without leading to a resort to war, they can do this only through an embargo on imports from and loans and other financial help to Italy. Under normal conditions, well over 60 per cent.—probably at least two-thirds—of Italy's exports are consigned to the League Powers. Great Britain alone takes over 11 per cent., France about 8 per cent., and Switzerland about the same. Of the proportion that goes to countries outside the League Germany takes most—11 or 12 per cent. of total exports, and the United States over 9 per cent. Italian exports to Japan are very small. The League Powers, even without the collaboration of America, would thus be able to stop the greater part of Italy's export trade. The German market could not absorb any largely increased quantity of Italian products;

and the use of Italy's gold reserve to buy necessary imports would not avail for long, and would give rise to serious financial complications. We do not say that this method of applying sanctions would certainly bring Signor Mussolini at once to his knees if he had solid backing inside the country. But it would, at the least, embarrass him very seriously indeed, and before long make it impossible for him to continue an extremely expensive Abyssinian campaign.

This, then, is the line the policy of sanctions ought undoubtedly to follow. It is capable of speedy and automatic application and involves no military measures of any kind. Italy, as Mr. Keynes argues in the article below, is singularly susceptible to this type of economic pressure. He adds the very valuable suggestion that the provisions of the Protocol of Financial Assistance should be brought into effect and a League loan granted to Abyssinia. He believes that this line of action will stop the Duce without war. Since Italian nationalism is now at fever heat and Mussolini's mental processes unpredictable, we cannot be sure that he will not himself begin warlike operations against the League. But if the right sanctions are adopted we regard the risk as not very great, and we should have to accept it if it were much larger than it is. The alternative is the total breakdown of the League and a world war in the near future.

ECONOMIC SANCTIONS

THERE is a widespread belief, prevailing in quarters otherwise differing in outlook, that any sanctions against Italy, which are capable of producing a significant effect, must be tantamount to war. Mr. Garvin wrote in last Sunday's *Observer* that "European War and World War would both inevitably follow from Britain's active intervention by forcible sanctions against another Great Power." In the pamphlet *Abyssinia*, published by the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, it is said that: "We are almost certainly on the eve of a war in which this country will have to take part." There is an ambiguity in Mr. Garvin's "forcible" sanctions, which may be intended to exclude "economic" sanctions. However this may be, I would urge that at the present stage we are, or at least ought to be, a long way off considering any action which could be construed as "forcible" in the sense of "partaking of the nature of an act of war." For I believe that the efficacy of comparatively mild "economic" sanctions is being greatly underestimated.

If Italy proceeds to an act of aggression, the economic sanctions to be imposed on the authority and the advice of the League should, I suggest, be limited to the two outlined below. Only in the event of Italy proving so insane as to treat these sanctions as if they were an act of war and herself take warlike action against the League Powers should we, on our part, contemplate further measures.

In the first place, the League Powers should impose what is technically called, I believe, the "municipal" sanction of prohibiting commercial and financial transactions with Italy on the part of their own nationals. No attempt should be made to blockade Italy or to prevent her trading with the nationals of those Powers which do not choose to join in the municipal sanction. Over a period of months, it will, in the special circumstances of Italy, be more injurious for her to be cut off from some of her principal customers than to be deprived of all sources of potential supply.

In the second place, the League Powers, or some of them at least, including ourselves, should forthwith ratify the draft Protocol of Financial Assistance, already approved in principle by the Assembly of the League and deposited at Geneva awaiting ratification. This document provides an admirably drafted cut-and-dried scheme for a guaranteed League loan to be offered to the aggrieved party in a dispute. It is not essential that it should be ratified by all the League Powers, provided some few of them participate. It is doubtful whether this Protocol would have been effective in the event of a dispute between Great Powers. But Abyssinia offers an almost ideal opportunity for its application. The loan to Abyssinia of such a sum as (say) £10,000,000 in the first instance, coupled, of course, with a removal of embargoes on the export of arms, should be sufficient to put quite a different complexion on the campaign and its probable duration.

Neither of these measures is, in any sense, an act of war. The possibility of Italy deciding, in face of them, to declare war on one or more of the major League Powers must not be entirely ruled out, in view of the widespread doubts which exist as to the mental stability of the Duce. But such a step could not be regarded as an act of reasonable calculation, and could have only one result.

Would such comparatively mild measures as the above exert a significant pressure? It is easy to conceive of circumstances in which they would not. But in the present case they are exceptionally appropriate. The financial and economic situation of Italy is already almost desperate. The fear is already acute, lest the campaign may have to be prolonged even in the most favourable circumstances. Above all, Italy will not be waging a campaign in an area contiguous to her frontiers, which can be almost wholly supplied from her own internal resources. She is faced with the appalling strain of a vast expeditionary force operating at a great distance overseas in a country which supplies nothing, not even water. It is a case—one of the rare cases—where a moderate weakening of Italy's economic and financial forces and a moderate strengthening of those of her adversary may come near to being decisive. She is already running an unwise risk—which the action of the League can convert into an insane one.

There remains the question of closing the Suez Canal. Nothing could be more decisive than this, if the League possesses the right to order it. It may be worth while to refer the matter to The Hague for a judicial interpretation. But it seems improbable to a layman that the decision could be favourable. This does not, however, affect the material point, that, in the event of Italy declaring war on the League Powers, her access to the Canal can be cut off without a formal closing of the Canal itself—which must offer a powerful, indeed an overwhelming, reason *not* to widen the area of hostilities, if there are any persons of sane judgment capable of surviving in authority under a dictatorship. J. M. KEYNES

A LONDON DIARY

IT takes a long time for the pub in our village to get round to politics, but Abyssinia was not wholly neglected on Saturday night. The prevailing sentiment was an almost incredulous loathing of the idea of another war: "I have seen one and we don't want another," "well, as long as they don't send for me this time. . . ." One man said: "I suppose we have got to protect our interests, haven't we?" Someone asked him whether he really had any interests in the British Empire, and he scratched his head and said he thought not. They were the interests of the rich. As for the League, it is, I think, regarded with scepticism, but supported as the one chance of keeping out of a war. There is also, of course, a pretty general realisation that you cannot have dictators loose doing what they like. "If Mussolini does go on," said one spokesman, "I reckon he will get the biggest chill he ever had in his life." A newspaper vendor going round with a poster: "Mussolini says No," remarked cryptically, but with gusto, "He will cop a flower-pot if he goes on like this."

* * *

These three convictions—that war is unutterably horrible, that Mussolini's unprovoked aggression is intolerable and that the British Government's belated enthusiasm for the Covenant

has something to do with Imperial interests—are held simultaneously by the entire British public with the exception of the few Fascists and Rothermere Conservatives. All three will be reflected in the foreign policy discussions of the Labour Party Conference at Brighton next week, the out-and-out pacifists basing their case on the first, the sanctionists regarding the second as the supreme immediate consideration and revolutionists emphasising the third. A great deal depends on the way in which the case is put by the spokesman of the Executive. Judging from the divergent speeches of Labour leaders during the last few days there are two dangers. We may get the Executive's case put by an orthodox supporter of the Covenant who simply does not understand the anti-imperialist case of Stafford Cripps and William Mellor, and who is in effect willing to put the Labour Party behind the National Government without reservations. Or we may find orthodox leaders side-tracking the real issue by personal attacks, in particular seizing the opportunity to score off Sir Stafford Cripps who, as far as consistency goes, has not a leg to stand on, but whose general analysis of the situation is much more widely accepted in the country than it will be at the Party Conference.

* * *

I hope both these dangers will be avoided. There is a great opportunity for a leader who can put the Labour case. If you want to see how good a case it is, first read the pamphlet *Abyssinia*, published this week from this office and then reflect that the Labour Party has consistently urged every Government since the war to base its policy on the League and is now in the position to point out that at last the National Government has been reluctantly forced to adopt its advice. Finally recollect that Labour has done much more than support the League — it has urged from the beginning the need of that free access to raw materials that Sir Samuel Hoare now advocates, and can easily show that "free access" is meaningless without Socialism and international control. If this case is properly put and a resolution supporting sanctions on carefully phrased conditions adopted, the Labour Party might hold its head higher than it has done for many a long day.

* * *

My recent question about the duty of the Good Samaritan if he arrives on the scene while the robbers are still beating up their victim, has brought me a protest from a correspondent, and has been taken up by Mr. St. John Ervine and Lord Ponsonby in the *Times*. It is, of course, true that all analogies between the State and the individual are misleading; imperialism is not strictly analogous to rape nor war to highway robbery. But in this case my query was perfectly fair. For I addressed it to the complete Christian pacifist, who to be logical must be against the use of force in private as well as in public. Lord Ponsonby's reply is that he is not such a pacifist: he would, if necessary, try to strangle the robbers, but he is against modern war whatever its objects. This is a different and far more defensible position, and it confirms my suspicion that most of the pacifist objections to sanctions are not really objections of principle at all. They simply differ on a calculation of probabilities. They fear that sanctions will lead to what Mr. Garvin calls a "general conflagration." I think the risk worth running, and that is the only difference between my position and Lord Ponsonby's. Lord Ponsonby has always held this anti-sanctionist view. His mistake, as I see it, was in accepting the post of leader of the Labour Party in the Lords when he differed from the Party on a vital issue.

* * *

Propaganda in preparation for war always consists of lies, but the Italian press at the moment is surpassing itself. Recently I saw headlines in Italian papers quoting obviously fictitious statements by Indian students who were supposed to be enthusiastically in favour of Italy's mission as the "assertor of civilisation in Abyssinia." Indians, of course, hold precisely the opposite point of view. The notion that all English people are decadent is also being scurrilously spread and sometimes takes the form of suggesting that Englishmen are all homosexuals! A few days ago a Fascist dignitary told Italian residents in England that they should avoid English habits, especially their "dislike of women," while the *Corriere della Sera* of September 13th has just treated the Italian public to a pen portrait of the "too beautiful Mr. Eden" with long eye-lashes, etc., apparently with the intention of rousing the same kind of prejudice.

* * *

A friend who went to the Rose Show at the Horticultural Hall the other day writes to say that the last time he was there was on the occasion of the Engineering Exhibition, and that the difference in the exhibits struck him less forcibly than the difference between the salesmen and visitors. "Your engineering salesman," he writes, "has hard eyes, firm jaws and an alert bearing. Mr. Karel Capek would probably find it hard to admit that they were Englishmen at all; they are so devoid of shagginess and woolliness. But the salesmen at the Rose Show were humanised, so to speak, by preoccupation with the vegetable kingdom. Their mouths were compressed by much worry over their charges, and many of them had those fat drooping moustaches which go with playing bowls or with coastal fishing. Their complexions were pink with a very agreeable background of tan, and their skins showed a great many fine wrinkles. Mr. Belloc would easily have established the godliness of these men. Similarly the visitors differed, not only in the unconventionality of their dress but also in their attitude to the exhibits. At the Rose Show amateurs advance with protruded neck and make notes, not on efficient memorandum pads, but on the backs of hotel bills; only an occasional enthusiast is seen surreptitiously wiping pollen off his nose, for roses must be judged, like pictures, statically and intellectually. Altogether a Rose Show requires discipline. You cannot stroke or thump the exhibits as you can at a cattle show, or play with the gears as at a motor show, or handle bits of rope and wiggle the compasses in their gimbals as you may at a shipping exhibition." My friend concludes that amateur rose-growers, like rose salesmen, are a saintly tribe.

* * *

A propos my recent remarks about advertising on the Luxembourg wireless a correspondent writes to warn me that while the B.B.C. may be safe from advertising sponsors, television, which is difficult to finance, is not yet similarly secure. And he quotes from an informative booklet distributed with American wireless receivers:

> On Tuesday nights WOR carries Kops' Brothers "Affairs of Roland" . . . The continuity on this show is much more interesting than most and the commercial tie-in—the product is Sensation (Calipygrain) Corset—is nothing less than ingenious.

* * *

Here is the latest example of class-consciousness which has come my way. The lady from the big house calls on the lady in the little house. "We are very much troubled with rats at home. I suppose you are similarly bothered, with mice?"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Lawrence Wright.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

A man has just returned to England after having travelled 28,000 miles to shoot a specimen of the rarest animal in the world. He spent exactly a fortnight looking for it, killed the finest specimen ever shot by a white man—and incidentally the first to be shot by an Englishman—and brought it back without any fuss or publicity. The hunter is Captain H. C. Brocklehurst and the animal he shot is the giant panda.—*Evening Standard.*

The Negus, with his anti-Italian prejudice. . . .—Mr. J. L. Garvin in the *Observer*.

Two at least of the big banks have let it be known among their staffs at the head offices that silk hats are *the* wear for young men who want to get on. In some departments it has almost become a sumptuary law. . . . And the "topper" is to be welcomed. Its effect on the wearer is even greater than on the beholder; its possession gives a young man an undeniable sense of competence—indeed of superiority.—*Daily Mail.*

The vicar said he believed Mussolini to be an honourable and Christian gentleman.—Report in the *Star.*

Sectarian differences are again causing trouble among parents of children attending Russell-street School, Ayr. The dispute has arisen because boys and girls are being sent to St. Margaret's, a Catholic school, for instruction in benchwork and cookery, Russell-street School lacking facilities for this type of tuition.—*Sunday Referee.*

The opinion of that forgotten man, the Englishman, on this subject will be heard when the Conservative Conference meets at Bournemouth next week.—*Evening Standard.*

An attack on the use of confetti at weddings, which he described as a "pagan and foolish custom" is made by the new vicar of Shotton. . . . "May we hope that never again will anyone in this parish transgress the canons of good manners by bringing into God's drawing-room foolish bits of coloured paper?"—Report in *Observer.*

It is desired to record in our pages the ownerships of specified estates at the time of the Russian Revolution, so as to facilitate the claim to such lands by the descendants of the original owners, when in due course the present form of government is overthrown and Russia becomes once more an Empire.—*Topographical Quarterly.*

"The face of the church will be like a modern shop front, with glass and chromium plating. The altar will be pure white with black concrete steps. Other modern innovations include glass alms boxes; a spot-light to shine on the pulpit, and a figure of St. Michael the archangel dressed either as a wing commander in the Royal Air Force or as a plain aircraftsman. We have not yet made up our minds which would be the more appropriate," explained Mr. Clark.—*Sunday Chronicle.*

I have always been taught to observe Sunday and to ride straight—both of which I have tried hard to do. I am only an infant as far as hunting is concerned, having but seven seasons to my credit, but the only three rules I ever got from my father were: "Go to church, ride straight, and (either going to a meet or to church) arrive looking as tidy and well-dressed as possible. Never mind if you are muddy coming home."—Letter in *Horse and Hound.*

No one should ignore or minimise the strength of the feeling against private manufacture (of arms). It is, in the main, not based on reason. It is ethical.—From pamphlet entitled "Working for Peace," with a foreword by the Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P.

THE PRICE OF FUR

Not only pounds, shillings and pence should be reckoned as price paid for garments of skins; against the money-value should be set the hardships, risk and suffering incurred by traders and trappers, and the death-throes through starvation, freezing, drowning and poisoning of millions of animals.

Although many skins come from tropical and sub-tropical regions, the vast majority come from the Arctic Circle, and for the obtaining of these the traders travel northward each year till they reach the distant and isolated trading-posts where they can establish contact with the native hunters. These Indians are provided with fire-arms, ammunition and traps, thus enabling them to have all the advantages of civilisation for collecting skins during the winter. The guns, ammunition and traps are paid for by the Indians with the results of their season's capture. These traders remain at the outposts for periods of six months or longer, and often they are quite solitary and out of touch with other white men. The companies involved in the fur trade realise that these men often become very "queer" as the result of their isolation, and so they send visiting officials to make a round of the posts. These visits can only be made during the winter, as travelling the immense distances involved is only possible when the smaller trees and undergrowth are covered with snow and the lakes frozen. The trading posts often have to be approached with caution, for the effect of loneliness on a man is such as to make him excessively shy; he may disappear altogether on the approach of a stranger, and might even, in some cases, be tempted to fire on him. And this will in no way seem remarkable to any one who has ever lived alone in any of the wilder portions of the earth. Solitude will work strange metamorphosis in a man, when the inner secrets of the soul escape into the silence, and are reflected back upon a startled consciousness from the blank surface of desert or snow-field.

From hundreds of these lonely outposts the skins are yearly collected, and it is surprising to read of the immense numbers that are offered for sale by auction in London. In 1927 the following numbers of skins were sold in London, and I am mentioning only a few of the species. American opossum, 2,430,746. Australian opossum, 1,677,507. White hare, 1,084,590. Skunk, 1,660,161. Beaver, 51,631. Ermine, 213,708. Red fox, 96,395. Musquash, 490,558. Seal, 22,866. Each year this tremendous toll is taken of wild animal life, and the vast majority of these creatures die deaths of starvation or freezing in the iron traps that hold them. Anyone who has found a wild animal in an iron trap will realise, without having to be told, the anguish and despair of the creatures which die this death. I quote from a description by Dr. Coues of a mink in a trap. "One who has not taken a mink from a steel trap can scarcely form any idea of the terrible expression the animal's face assumes as the captor approaches. It has always struck me as the most nearly diabolical of anything in animal physiognomy. A sullen stare from the crouched, motionless form gives way to a new look of surprise and fear, accompanied with the most violent contortions of the body, with renewed champings of the iron, till breathless with heaving flanks and open mouth dribbling saliva, the animal settles again and watches with a look of concentrated hatred, mingled with impotent rage and frightful despair." This scene must be multiplied many times for every mink coat worn by pitiful and gentle women: and there are many animals which will bite off the leg that is held by the unrelenting iron. Others, lacking the good sense to accomplish a deliberate amputation, will merely writhe about and twist round and round till the tendons are pulled out from the shoulder, the skin worn through, and the bones broken.

This is but part of the price which must be set against the value of fur garments; the other part is the vast dislocation of human conditions caused by the influx of trappers and traders into regions inhabited by tribes and primitive Eskimos who have hitherto barely been in touch with civilisation. This influx has rapidly reduced the game and food supply, and thrown out of gear the whole mode of life of the indigenous population in a way comparable to the degree produced by the destruction of the beaver and the North American buffalo in earlier times, but on a vastly wider scale.

The hunter kills for food, and the sportsman kills for the primitive satisfaction of killing. Both have their standards of fair play. The trader kills to supply the demand that he himself is always stimulating. He is ruthless in the search for profits, and the human good-feeling and sympathy which find place in the sportsman for the animals he hunts can hardly be expected to find a place where market demand has to be satisfied. I will give but one example to show how, in the trapping of beavers for trade purposes, ordinary human feelings are violated and human imagination dulled and deadened.

The beaver, as is well known, builds dams to make artificial lakes. On the shores of these lakes he builds his lodges, with their entrances opening under water. He is an excellent engineer and knows all about the business of dam-building,

and he knows how to keep the water at just the right level so that his exit holes from the lodges are at about two feet under water. The large dams are probably of great age, and have been the property of the families in the adjacent lodges for countless generations. The weight of water in the larger ponds is very considerable, and to counter-balance the pressure on the dam the beavers have hit on a very cunning device. They build a lower dam a little below the upper one; this catches the overflow and makes a smaller pond further down stream. The water in the lower pond rises and covers the base of the upper dam, and so offers a considerable weight of water, pressing against the lower side to counter-balance in part the downward pressure from the upper pond. This is a device worthy of the intelligent creatures whose object it is to keep the water in the main pond always at the rim of the dam and at the right height above the holes in the lodges. The earth at the edge of the dam is constantly liable to be displaced, and is as constantly in need of repair. Every night the beavers inspect it and make good the damage which has occurred during the day. They work in the most regular and conscientious manner, and if an artificial breach is made will repair it as soon as they are able.

The trappers engaged in the fur-trade make use of this industrious habit. They make a breach in the dam, then set their spring gins under water in the place where the beavers are likely to put their feet when they come to repair the damage. The traps are fastened to a slanting stake in such a manner that should the beaver be caught by the hind foot, and should he dive, which is his instinct, he will not be able to rise again, but will drown in his efforts to free himself. Should he be caught by a forefoot, then his heavy weight and the wrenching power he can exert is liable to break the thin bones of the wrist. By twisting round he is able to sever the skin and tear out the sinews, leaving the claws and skin of the hand in the trap, and so go free. This is the fate of hundreds of beavers trapped each year, and it affords but a small fraction of the suffering inflicted on fur-bearing animals.

Mr. Lewis Morgan in his book, *The American Beaver and His Work*, deplores the way in which the beavers are being exterminated by trappers. Like any man who has watched and come to know these fascinating animals, he has a love and respect for them and hates to see their humble virtues, their industry and their love of family, being taken ruthless advantage of. He tells of another way in which they are taken by the trappers. In winter the beavers store the wood, which is to be their food, in sunken heaps under the water. The ponds are frozen over, and the trappers, by tapping on the ice, can find out where it is hidden. They surround the wood with a ring of stakes, leaving one place open. Here a contrivance can be fixed which will move a signal on the surface when a beaver enters to fetch food for his mate and family. As soon as the beaver enters the trapper blocks the exit, and the beaver, unable to return, drowns under the ice. As soon as enough time has passed to allow for his death the palisade is again opened, and the female beaver comes to see what has happened to her mate. She also is drowned in like manner. The young beavers follow to find what has happened to their parents and meet the same fate. When they are all dead the trappers break the ice and collect the fur-clad bodies.

E. L. GRANT WATSON.

CANNED WORK

I AM looking forward to visiting the Business Efficiency Exhibition which opens next week at the White City; but I shall do so in a spirit of trepidation, like a nervous person entering the Chamber of Horrors. I happen to be one of the fast-dwindling population that was born before efficiency was invented. Inefficient horses still dragged ploughs through the heavy earth. The roads were full of horses trotting slowly between the shafts of primitive vehicles—polo-carts, side-cars, croydons, school-carts, gigs, broughams, cabs, victorias and phaetons. The scythe was in common use, and real human beings bound the fallen corn into sheaves. In hours of relaxation, inefficient amateurs played Beethoven and Mendelssohn on the piano, or sang *Goodbye Summer* or *Oh That We Two Lay Dreaming* in voices of which any respectable gramophone would be ashamed. Those who were interested in the drama went to the theatre in which hopelessly inefficient scenery gave them only the slightest foretaste of the lavish realism of background that was afterwards to come from Hollywood. Both the music-lover and the theatre-goer had to put up with real people and their defects on the platform and stage since there was no alternative. Even the telephone was inefficient in those days: many people approached it as timidly as though they expected it to bite them. As for business, businessmen were so inefficient that they had to toil hard for five and a half days a week in order to get through the week's work. In many offices, there were a number of totally incompetent people who were known as "passengers" and were paid salaries for getting in the way of members of the staff who wanted to get on with their jobs.

This inefficiency ran through every branch of life. The doctors never thought of taking your blood pressure, and I do not think they had ever heard of appendicitis. Civil servants, safe in their jobs, looked in at their offices when they pleased, and looked out again when they pleased. As for politicians, they turned the House of Commons into a club, adjourned for Derby Day, and raged furiously if they were not given enormously long holidays. Everybody said that life was real, life was earnest, but most people took things very easily.

I do not know when the word "efficiency" was first used as though it were a trumpet-call summoning men to a nobler, larger life. I have looked up a dictionary of quotations published in the 'eighties of last century, and I could find no quotation about efficiency in it. All the other virtues are there, but of efficiency not a word. Can it be that all the wise men throughout the ages were blind to this clue to the moral and material progress of mankind? Did no poet ever praise it as Wordsworth praised duty? The first occasion on which I can remember people talking about it with curiosity was when Lord Rosebery called for efficiency in politics. Most people, however, regarded this as one of Lord Rosebery's jokes. He sowed a seed, none the less, which has since fertilised and has produced a tree that has cast a shadow over half the world. The very dictatorships that have sprung up in Europe defend themselves on the ground that the machinery of democracy is inefficient and out of date. The enormous increase of mechanical invention has helped to colour men's philosophy, and to persuade them that human beings must be efficient in the same way as machines, or perish. The machine is taken as the model which human beings should do their best to imitate. The virtues of a machine, are believed by a considerable number of people to be superior to the virtues of a man.

I am myself, I may say, a great believer in machinery; but, when it is new, I usually hate it. It took me some time to get rid of my detestation of the gramophone. If I had had my way, I would have sent the inventor of the motor car to penal servitude for life and have decreed the same punishment for anyone who attempted to manufacture a machine that would end by driving horses off the roads. Now, however, I not only tolerate but like the gramophone. As for the motor car, I always take a taxi even where, as in Dublin, there are also horse-drawn vehicles in the streets. I am as sentimental as anybody, but not in practice. I find myself borne along, like other people, on the great wave of efficiency and enjoying the sensation. Hence, it may be that, when I visit the Business Efficiency Exhibition, I shall at first be filled with hatred of all these brilliant inventions that are destroying the world I knew and that gradually my mood will change to wondering how the old world managed to get on without them. That, however, would not necessarily be a proof of the desirability of mechanical invention: it might be only a proof of my weakness of character.

Who can be sure that it is a good thing that "the human element" in many departments of office-work is being reduced,

as has been boasted, to a minimum? Who feels a rosy glow of optimism suffusing his being when he is told that "we have canned foods, canned music, canned commodities of every description, canned salesmen, and now—canned work?" In a world suffering from unemployment it seems strangely paradoxical that, in the name of efficiency, we should cheerfully go on multiplying unemployment-producing machines. What is to happen to the displaced clerks as a result of the invention of those machines that are to be exhibited at the White City—"machines for the calculating of figures, ledger-work, and invoices?" How are the unfortunate heads of businesses to make a show of doing a day's work if they have no cheques to sign, but are displaced by "cheque-machines that not only print the cheque forms, but are forgery-proof in the signing of cheques at the rate of 3,000 an hour"? What will happen to schoolmasters if children no longer need to learn arithmetic, because someone has invented "an instrument that will give you the lucid answer to such sums as 1,219 at $7\frac{3}{4}d.$ each, equalling £39 7*s.* $3\frac{1}{4}d$"? Among the other horrors to be seen at the White City are "loudspeaker telephones where you can listen without interruption of work," and "the complete cocktail cabinet for office use." I have always hated cocktails, largely because they put an end to the use of that sweetest of invocations: "Say when"; but I shall hate them more if they are shaken, not by a man, but by a machine.

It is strange that, with all this craze for machinery and efficiency, mechanical sport has as yet made so little headway. One would have imagined that, if machines could be taught to multiply figures and to sign cheques, they could also be taught to box and play football. It seems rather absurd that human beings should have to pound each others faces into pulp for the amusement of the public, when a clever inventor could give us a machine that could knock out Joe Louis in the first round. How gloriously the machine could be made to talk and to snarl and to grin! "I'll lug his head off," it could roar, just as well as a human being. "I'll make him so as his own mother wouldn't recognise him." Sayings such as these, which no human being ought to have to utter, would seem quite sportsmanlike if uttered by a machine. The chief objection to the use of a machine in sport, however, is that a machine can never do anything unexpected, except when it goes wrong, and sport, like literature, depends on the unexpected for its most delightful effects. Unless the inventors can get over this difficulty, it looks as if we shall never have either a mechanical Carpentier or a mechanical Shakespeare. At the same time, we must be on our guard. Professionalism has already introduced a large element of efficiency into sport; and, where you have efficiency, mechanisation of all sorts is sure to follow.

The great compensation for the increase of machinery is that, the more mechanisation you have in industry and business, the less mechanisation will be necessary in ordinary life. Machinery, rightly used, will give men more leisure, and if they behave like machines during their leisure, they will have only themselves to blame. I often hear people railing against machinery, and I often rail against it myself, but that is merely prejudice. There is little wrong with machines except the use we make of them. Some of them, however, are used as a means of making men work harder than ever: all this speeding up in the name of efficiency is an abuse of machinery. Again, it is difficult to defend a society which uses machinery, not always for labour-saving, but often for labour-displacing purposes. I don't see why a man who needs work should be thrown out of employment by a machine that does not. I should like to see the use of new machinery forbidden except where its users could make arrangements that no one would lose his livelihood as the result of increased efficiency. There is not much to be said for an efficiency that makes it more difficult for thousands of people to earn a living. That is why I am not entirely enthusiastic about "canned work." It would be delightful in Utopia, but in the present world "canned work" often means men out of work. I doubt whether I shall ever become as reconciled to canned work as I have long been to canned music. Y. Y.

Correspondence

SANCTIONS

SIR,—I am not so foolish as to suppose that anyone cares much about my political opinions. My excuse for writing is the hope that, by stating my own position, I may roughly indicate that of a number of people who find themselves in this question out of sympathy with all official parties.

Sanctions mean, or at very least may mean, war; no one denies it. If I am not surprised at finding many of my old friends who were conscientious objectors during the last war, and are now above military age, arguing that "this war is different," it is because I am no longer surprised by any manifestation of thoughtless rage. To be sure, this war is different because no two wars are alike; but the position of the convinced pacifist has not changed, nor have the arguments he has to meet. Do my young friends of the Left—those who cannot remember much about the controversies of 1914—really suppose that there were no good and honest arguments in favour of the last war? Do they imagine that moral indignation was not genuinely kindled by the invasion of Belgium? Do they believe that liberal-minded men were insincere when they proclaimed that justice must be imposed by force? Do they doubt that those wise men, who argued that war with Germany was inevitable and that this was a preventive war to be fought in peculiarly favourable conditions, argued out of anything but their proper wisdom?

The answer of the pacifist was then what it is now; for the position of the pacifist is not "different." No matter how bad a place the world may be at any given moment, a war can only make it worse. Injustice in Serbia, Belgium or Abyssinia is better than universal disaster—disaster, as we know too well, which does not end with its cause. No war will ever end war; on the contrary, war begets war, even though it be waged in the name of peace. No war is inevitable, and therefore no preventive war justifiable. Grant that the brakes have failed and that our car is rushing down a mountain pass; because the driver believes that beyond the next corner there is a tree across the road, he is not justified in swerving straight over a precipice. It is just possible that he mistakes in thinking that the tree has fallen; even if it has, it is conceivable though improbable that some intelligent and benevolent person will have removed it; and there is always the hope—by far the best—that, thanks neither to intelligence nor good will, but by some sheer fluke, we shall scrape by somehow.

Never make war to-day because war seems inevitable to-morrow. Who knows? To-morrow we may all be sober. Anyhow, we shall have gained a day. CLIVE BELL

SIR,—Some of your readers appear to find the policy of the Communist Party in the present crisis confusing and paradoxical. Will you permit me to state that policy as I understand it?

A primary object of the Communist Party, now as always, is to resist imperialist aggression. The Fascist imperialists of Italy are preparing a flagrant and dangerous act of aggression. Therefore, the Communist Party must resist them by every means in its power. It cannot possibly abstain from doing so because the British imperialists also, for their own self-seeking reasons, half (and only half) want to do so. Anyone who suggests that the Communists should have so abstained, and talks about a United Front between them and the Government, shows that he is much more concerned with trying to score off the Communists than with the life and death issues which confront us all to-day.

For what will be the effect if the peoples of Britain, France and the smaller States of Europe succeed in forcing their Governments to prevent the Italian aggression, and what will be the effect if they fail? If they succeed, two things will happen. First, Fascism would receive a most serious blow. We do not know whether Mussolini would fall immediately or by what sort of regime he would be succeeded. But the reluctance of every capitalist government to push him too hard and his own obvious determination to gamble to the last instant are strong evidence that his position would become precarious in the extreme. Secondly, Fascist Germany would be only less seriously affected. The coercion of Mussolini by that alliance of States which, some for good reasons and some for bad, wish to keep the peace—that alliance which we call the League—would make a German aggression for the time being impossible. Such an enormous strengthening of the League would prevent war in Europe for a number of years.

Again, can the fact that the "sated" imperialist powers, for their own self interests, half wish to prevent an Italian or German aggression prevent us from doing all in our power to prevent it also? Incurable sentimentalists, such as this country is alone capable of producing, may think so. Communists will prefer the views of Lenin. Lenin wrote: "To throw back the rapacious advancing Germans, we made use of the equally rapacious counter interests of the other imperialists." Only fools go into battle pledged never to use the divisions within their enemies' ranks. Moreover, Communists say clearly that the object for which they are to-day prepared to use "the equally rapacious counter interests" of some of the imperialist States is the same object for which Lenin used them—namely, the defence of the Soviet Union, now, as then, acutely threatened by German imperialism.

The defence of the Soviet Union is a primary object of the activity of the revolutionary workers of the world for the simple reason that if that defence succeeds then the success of Communism in all Europe is assured. The contrast between the conditions of the workers within and without the Soviet borders will be in a few years' time the most revolutionary fact that has ever existed in the world's history. To suggest that the Communists are sacrificing the interests of the workers of the capitalist world when they concentrate their energies upon the preservation of peace, and thus strive to provide the Soviet Union with time in which to become impregnable, is to exhibit a degree of blindness only to be explained by a determination to find that the Communists are always wrong. I say without hesitation that in striving to preserve the Soviet Union from attack the Communists are serving the most vital interests of the British workers—both immediate and ultimate. For the immediate interest of the British workers is peace, and their ultimate interest is the replacement of capitalism by socialism. Both will be assured by the preservation of the Soviet Union. The first will be destroyed, and the second will be gravely imperilled, by a successful attack on her.

Now consider the effect of giving a free hand to Mussolini. We should inform Hitler that there was no effective coalition against him. We should deliver up every small State of Central Europe to Nazi domination. We should give Fascism, and the whole Fascist philosophy of unlimited aggression, decisive encouragement. Peace in Europe would not hold out another year.

Finally, we are told that the present Communist policy means supporting the National Government. If this is so Heaven help me from ever being supported in the way the Communists are supporting the Cabinet! But the Communists are daily carrying on a most vigorous attack upon the Government and its foreign policy. It is suggested that to demand that the Government should support the application of sanctions to Italy implies some support of the Government if sanctions are in fact used. What a curious and confused idea is this! It is possible, though I fear by no means likely, that the intense pressure on the British and French Governments of their peoples, combined with their own "equally rapacious counter-interests," will succeed. But if and when you have succeeded in forcing a Government, at least half against its will, to do what you want, you do not necessarily support it. On the contrary, every day shows the total unreliability of the present British and French Governments for the job of resisting Fascist aggression. Hence, Communists do not slacken their efforts both to replace these Governments with Governments which are at any rate less sympathetic with Fascism, and to call into play the direct anti-Fascist activity of the workers. The Communist demand for a Trade Union refusal to load or make supplies for Italy and to hamper Mussolini in every other way possible is not contradictory to the demand for governmental sanctions, but is complementary and additional to it.

This is where the Communist position differs from that unfortunately adopted by many of the leaders of the Labour Party. They really are supporting the National Government. And that Government's whole activity is directed towards pulling off some deal with Mussolini at the expense of Abyssinia or anyone else who can be conveniently coerced—a deal by which its own imperialist interests can be reconciled with those of Italy and its recent solidarity with the Fascist powers can be resumed. It supports the cause of peace reluctantly and half-heartedly, partly because it has not yet been able to bring Mussolini to terms, and partly because of the enormous pro-peace and pro-League sentiment represented by the eleven million voters of the Peace Ballot.

I realise the irritation caused to many sincere people by the Communist refusal to see any good in the actions of a capitalist Government, or to admit for a moment that they are supporting such a Government, even when it appears possible that it will carry out some part of the policy advocated by the Communists. But all that the Communists can admit is that the contradictory interests of capitalist Governments drive them to oppose each other. This is a fact of cardinal importance in the present highly complex, ever-changing world situation in which class, national and race conflict intertwine in bewildering complexity. But surely we must strive our hardest to prevent the complexity of the situation from in fact bewildering us. We must put an intense pressure upon our rulers to preserve the peace of the world by blocking the way to every act of aggression. If in particular instances our task is made easier by the fact that our rulers have their own reasons for blocking certain acts of aggression, this is surely something to be thankful for. But we shall deceive ourselves if we over-estimate its importance. At any moment such "counter-interests" may be satisfied by a deal. Only an unremitting pressure can possibly force our Government along the line of policy which can preserve peace, even temporarily. To support such a Government is madness.

Will not some voice be raised at the Labour Party Conference, both against the collapse of the Labour Party's opposition to the Government and against the futile, if sincere, passivity of Mr. Lansbury and Lord Ponsonby? For that is the only way in which the workers can preserve peace, deal a heavy blow against Fascism, and clear the way for a Socialist Europe. JOHN STRACHEY

SIR,—Mr. Robertson's reply to Mr. Brockway involves two assumptions which are widely accepted. These are (a) that Fascists "are the deadliest enemies of International Socialism" and (b) that Fascism is something local which can be fought, as it were, on a national and geographical front. I challenge both these assumptions.

The deadliest enemy of Socialism is not Fascism but Imperialism, which divides the masses into two camps—the "bottom dogs" of the colonies and the relatively prosperous workers of the imperialist countries. By sharing indirectly in the loot of the colonies, European workers come to cultivate an imperialism of their own; and capitalist society is to a large extent maintained by this division of the workers themselves into "Haves" and "Have-nots," who can be played off against one another. Fascism tends to break down this system, in so far as it reduces the white and coloured workers to a common level—for which very reason it is frowned upon by the Subtler School of British imperialists.

Fascism is simply the reorganisation of capitalist society to meet the challenge of social revolution. It is not peculiarly an Italian or German product, except in so far as those countries have been forced to adopt it at an earlier stage than others. And the same war that might (as Mr. Robertson hopes) *destroy* the Fascist regime in Italy would be equally likely to *produce* Fascism in France and possibly in England.

Mr. Robertson may be right in suggesting that only an unsuccessful war will provide the opportunity for social revolution in Italy. But this reminds me of an Indian nationalist leader who told me that only a war in which Britain was defeated would provide the opportunity for revolution in India—which seems to me even more desirable. But I cannot see why either Mr. Robertson or I should condemn the world to an imperialist war in which he would strive for the success of the British arms and I for their defeat, according to our differing views as to where we wanted the next revolution. On the contrary, if any good were to come out of such carnage it would be because there were some in *every* country who resisted the war (as Lenin resisted the last war) and turned the rising tide of anti-war feeling into the channels of social revolt.

I could not support Mussolini and his regime even to destroy the British Empire. Why, therefore, to destroy the Fascist regime in Italy should I go "all in" with British imperialism (as one must for a "successful" war) and "do my bit" in strike breaking, suppressing mutinies, crushing colonial revolts (which would be certain to occur) and strengthening the British Raj in India?

Fascism and Imperialism are both such evil things that to discuss which is the "greater evil" is almost beside the point. Socialism is so opposed in principle to *both* these systems that we cannot compromise with either and remain Socialists. Mr. Brockway's counter proposals may sound impracticable, but they are the only proposals which do not betray the very foundamentals of Socialism. Why advocate them, says Mr. Robertson, if the workers

are not prepared to accept them? Obviously, because all progress depends upon a minority advocating something until the majority *is* prepared to accept it.

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PEACEFUL CHANGE

SIR,—In your issue of September 7th, "Forty Years an Exporter" takes Commander King-Hall to task, because he has pointed out the necessity of giving such countries as Italy, Germany and Japan "access to raw materials." He asks, "Do not foreigners buy all the raw materials they require from our Colonies on the same terms as ourselves?" The answer is, "Certainly not," and that for two reasons:

(1) We receive imported raw materials to the value of about £150 million a year now (formerly £250 million) in the form of tribute—as interest on our foreign investments.

(2) Buying implies payment. The only means (apart from tourist trade and shipping services) by which these nations can pay is through the export of their goods. Month by month they are finding increasing difficulties in exporting, due to the action of other nations. This means they find increasing difficulty in importing their essential requirements. As imports decrease cuts must be made in the standard of living of their people, as has been done during the past year both in Italy and Germany.

"Exporter" asks, "Who is preventing this access?" I answer, all nations—including Great Britain. The world has stopped Italian emigration (France repatriated Italian labourers). Remittances from emigrants were an important factor in payment of imports. The world has established quotas, currency restrictions, high tariffs, making the export trade of these nations increasingly difficult. We (quite rightly from our point of view) and America have devalued our currencies, thereby diverting tourist traffic from Italy, and this traffic helped to pay for her imports.

If "Exporter" had framed his question, "What is preventing this access?" I would answer: An inefficient and broken-down system of international monetary exchange, which, for instance, forces Brazil to destroy coffee which Germany and Italy would willingly buy and willingly pay for in exported goods required by Brazil. It is surely not beyond the wit of man to devise a system which would allow the colonial world to exchange, rather than destroy, its abundance of raw materials, and for the European and Japanese world to receive and pay for these without detriment to their home industries. The Journal of the London Chamber of Commerce has put forward such a plan, in which the essential principle is that exporting nations are paid at fixed rates of exchange in the currencies of the importing nations, which currencies cannot be changed by the exporter either into gold or bonds of indebtedness, but must be changed (directly or indirectly) into the goods and other services of the importing nation.

If those in control of the financial machinery of the world refuse to face this problem because they are still hankering after a return to the old international gold standard (which even at its best gave international trade the appearance of an economic war), if Governments continue to deal with symptoms of disaffection such as armaments and defer dealing with causes; then I suggest that the prospect before both the Governments and peoples of these three nations may become unendurable, and that they will be driven to rely upon force to obtain their necessities, with consequences which may well wreck our world.

P. C. LOFTUS
House of Commons, S.W.1.

WAGES IN ITALY

SIR,—In reference to Sir Leo Chiozza Money's letter on Italian workers' wages in your last week's issue, here is a cutting from the *Corriere della Sera* of March 26, 1932, in which Signor Biagi, Secretary of the National Confederation of Fascist Syndicates, says: "Between June 1927 and December, 1928, wages fell by about 20 per cent. . . . A further drop of approximately 10 per cent. took place in 1929, and in November 1930 there was a general downward movement, in some cases not exceeding 18 per cent., but in particular instances involving as much as 25 per cent." . . . Many other adjustments were made in 1931.

After the world economic crisis developed in 1932 the British Dept. of Overseas Trade Report on *Economic Conditions in Italy* 1933, states: "While the cost of living with an index figure of 93.78 in 1927 has fallen in 1932 to 78.05, a difference of 15.73 per cent., industrial wages have been reduced by much larger proportions." It goes on then to enumerate reductions of 16 to 18 per cent. in the sheltered printing and woodwork trades, 25 per cent. in the metal industries, extending to 40 per cent. in the cotton industry.

In April, 1934, all Government employees, except the lowest paid, experienced wage cuts between 8 and 12 per cent., and at the request of Signor Mussolini for the workers to collaborate, a wage cut of 16½ per cent. was announced in December, 1934, for 75 per cent. of Italy's industrial workers.

This is the way that Italian workers help one another in their Guilds as mentioned by Sir Leo.

But apart from figures would Sir Leo answer this question? If a person in Italy with a distinctly English name, say John Smith, were to write a letter and compare unfavourably the condition of Italian workers with that of the English—and he might take for his text, among scores of instances, the settlement of the recent strike at Courtauld's factory at Flint — what Italian paper would he find to publish it? And, if he did miraculously bring this about, what would happen to John Smith and the confiding, innocent Italian paper?

Yet there is no tyranny in Italy, Sir Leo says!

ARTHUR LYON
Hawarden.

SEX AND AESTHETICS

SIR,—Dr. Roberts's article comes as a timely reminder that sex is not the only spare-time occupation in life and that the beauty of love is a thing to be sought and guarded with the utmost care. The advocates of birth control are so busy telling us how to avoid conception—for which information we are indeed truly indebted to them—that they tend to overlook the fact that their teaching rather reads as a call to emulate the feats of sexual athleticism advocated by the cheaply popular and pornographic manuals on the subject.

There seems to me to be a large number of my contemporaries who have read some book or other on birth control and feel that something must be done about it, but who lack any sex ethic to guide them. Although unwilling to run the still existing though greatly diminished risk of actual intercourse, they consider all forms of "petting" as an essential part of adult life and, indeed, as the obvious way of spending their evenings and week-ends. Most of them have grown so used to it that, although they regard it as a pleasurable form of occupation, they can know none of the delights of love as, I suppose, some of our less-sophisticated fathers and mothers knew it. The senses surely must become dulled by constant titillation, amounting practically to habit, and I cannot help thinking that this section of my generation will be old and cynical before they are thirty and when they most need the full force and energy of youthful vitality and humour to deal with the problems of the upbringing of children. Even now their restlessness and their thirst for speed, thrill, anything with a "kick" in it, show their inability to appreciate the more static pleasures of life, and their conversation, nervously sex-haunted, betrays their fear that they are missing something.

My circle of acquaintances is not an "intellectual" one and actual physical virginity is not necessarily a scorned phenomenon, yet when I say that I regard love-making as an art to be practised occasionally and with discrimination they smile, shake their heads wisely and say: "She'll grow up to it." In my opinion, it is they who by their cult of sex as such and by their fear of deficiency are ruining their chances of experiencing the ecstatic heights of passionate love which are surely what the modern doctors and chemists are most anxious for us to enjoy.

TWENTY-THREE
Bromley, Kent.

NEWS - REELS

SIR,—Mr. Gerald Sanger, in his capacity as Managing Editor of *British Movietone News*, writes "to correct some of your contributor's more obvious misstatements" in the article you published two weeks ago on the news-reel situation in this country. Unfortunately he has completely misunderstood, or gives the appearance of having understood, my argument in that article, which was that since existing services are biased in favour of a certain political and social system and certain conceptions of society (but claim not to be, naturally), the sooner the forces which hold opposite or different views express them through the medium of the news-reel the better for the mental health and physical

prospects of us all. I would not dream of wasting my energy in moral exhortations to the vested interests of the *status quo* to give us the other side of the story. My wish is to clarify the true situation and to do what I can to ginger up efforts to bring about a more satisfactory situation in this matter. As to the reality of "Movietone's" claims to objectivity, I am content (leering cynically the while, of course) to accept the judgment of the majority of thinking people. I should contend that Mr. Sanger's claim that his company "has no propaganda policy" falls down ludicrously on a reference to one single news-reel—that in which, a few months ago, Col. Moore-Brabazon finished a commentary on an Air Force display with a definite appeal to the audience to advocate a larger and better Air Force.

I had no desire to conceal the "political colouring" of my article or of my opinions generally, and am anxious that others should emulate me.

Mr. Sanger's notions of the nature of evidence are remarkable, to say the least. Does he really believe that because attendance figures during the week following the Jubilee were high, anything in particular is proven regarding the "loyalty" or otherwise of his patrons? I myself usually visit a news-cinema once or at most twice in a week, but during that week I went, I think, eight times. Mr. Sanger knows what a subversive person I am; yet I helped to make those figures. For all he knows, tens of thousands may have gone in precisely the same curious spirit as I did, and personally, recollecting my impressions of those visits, I'm quite sure it was so. This lovely reasoning which always attains the conclusion it wants to attain was beautifully exemplified, I remember, in a news-reel of the Jubilee procession in which Mr. Eric Dunstan neatly roped in every single onlooker as passionately "loyal," on the ingenious argument that all those who shouted and waved flags were *obviously* "loyal," *ipso facto*, while those who were silent were silent because their hearts were too full for words!

But it was a false step of Mr. Sanger's to bring up "loyalty." I'm surprised. Since he has done so, however, let me say this—I yield to no man in loyalty to what I sincerely believe to be the interests of the great majority of my fellow British subjects. Can Mr. Sanger say the same?

GLYN ROBERTS

SEA LEVEL

SIR,—At the risk of appearing over particular on details, may I venture to correct Mr. James in his statement concerning the datum for the Ordnance Survey levels?

All maps issued by the Ordnance Survey since 1926 have the levels of the bench-marks and spot-levels adjusted to the new datum, which is the mean level of the sea at Newlyn.

This was arrived at by taking hourly readings of the sea level from 1915 to 1921, and so may be considered more accurate than the old Liverpool datum referred to, the readings for which were only spread over fourteen days.

G. C. BOOTH

County Hall, Lewes, Sussex.

HITLER STORIES

SIR,—*Re* the Hitler story in this week's issue, here is another. Hitler, Goering, Goebbels, appeared at the Gate of Heaven. Peter said to Hitler, "Have you ever told a lie?" Hitler replied "One." "Make the circle of the earth on foot for punishment." Goering was asked the same question and said he had told three lies. "Make the circle of the earth three times as punishment," said Peter. Then looking round he said, "Where is that little dark fellow?" Someone said, "Oh, he's gone for his motor-bike."

Magnolia House, Draycott, J. PACKER
Nr. Cheddar, Somerset.

HISSING IN THE HOUSE

SIR,—Without in any way wishing to disparage the efforts of Lord Darling's prize-fighters, I remember as a schoolboy being told soon afterwards by the wife of the then Liberal Member for a division of Bristol that she saw the fight from the Ladies' Gallery, which was, of course, at the other end of the House from that in which male visitors sat. She said: "We could not at first make out what was happening, when suddenly Mrs. P. . . . (whose husband was also an M.P.) who sat next me, said, 'Why, they are *fighting*,' and then we all hissed."

DAVID FREEMAN

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Miscellany

THE HODJA'S HAT

I ALMOST shouted with joy when the lorry began to move. Seven days I had been waiting for this moment, each night consoled by the Tartar café keeper that to-morrow I could go north towards the Black Sea, and each morning disappointed. Allah and the world seemed to have forgotten Ardahan, the Anatolian village close to the Russian frontier where a chance had landed me.

No railways pass yet through the east of Turkey, and since I was too poor to hire a private car and too full of pity to wear out one of the tiny donkeys, I could do nothing but wait, sitting in front of the coffee-house, empty one tiny cup after the other, and watch the little life that passed, cows, and soldiers from the barracks, and a peasant on his oxen-cart.

Then at last, one afternoon, out of the distant rumbling of the daily thunderstorm, I heard the hooting of a motor-horn, and after a hurried farewell from the countless friends I had found during my enforced holiday, the lorry rolled off again. The driver could spare no time, he had lost many hours on the way because the overloaded car had twice broken down on the bad roads.

It remained always a marvel to me how so many passengers were able to squeeze into so small a vehicle, and how the driver understood to arrange the goods and the luggage as well. My companions were the usual crowd: ragged, ferocious-looking peasants, soldiers on leave, cotton or railway workers returning home, boys who had just finished school in a distant town, a criminal in chains, accompanied by two gendarmes, nice young fellows with shining teeth, and one or two old men who surprised the rest of the company by their tenacity. Sometimes even a woman had been sitting in one of the corners, surrounded by half a dozen children, but she had kept her face veiled the whole time and hardly opened her mouth. So I was quite pleased when I found none on the lorry this time because I knew that the men were the more eager to make me feel at home.

They were shy at first and did not dare to address me for fear I could take it amiss, but I only needed to say a few Turkish phrases to be on the best of terms if not with all, so with most of them, and before half an hour had passed, I had answered the standard questions where I came from and who I was and why I had not married yet—life is so much easier with a husband to look after you, and there are good husbands in Turkey, too. And then, according to the rule, it was my turn to be curious.

"What will they do to you?" I asked the black-haired young man who held his tied hands immovable and heavy in his lap. The smile in his brown eyes remained unchanged, but his answer came a little breathless: "Nothing—I'm quite innocent."

One of the two gendarmes nudged him a little and laughed at me: "Don't you believe him, lady—he is very wicked though he pretends in your company to be a lamb. He has seduced a girl of fifteen, and they are sure to hang him."

The young man's lips began to tremble, but he still smiled and looked vaguely from one to the other. They all roared with laughter until I grew angry: "May Allah punish you for being so heartless. Don't you worry, Mehmet—they won't give you more than three years, and perhaps, since you aren't twenty yet, they'll even let you off altogether."

And to draw the attention away from him, I turned to the old man at my side: "Who are you, father, and why are you travelling about at your age, and where is your wife, and have you any children?"

But the men, once in a hilarious mood, kept on laughing whilst they pointed at his beautiful white beard: "Hodja!" they said—and it sounded like a sneer—"Hodja! (Moslem priest)."

I shook my head: "How can he be a hodja? He doesn't wear a turban!" They explained to me that a new law had just come into force which forbade the priests of all religions to wear their robes and headgears outside the places of worship, just one more means to limit their activities within the secular republic. The priests had long learned to obey silently, and the old hodja had hurried to a pawnshop to buy himself some civil clothes—his old ones no longer did without the veiling robe. But to cover his naked head, he had bought himself a new hat, the first hat in all his life, and he had spent almost two liras for it.

"But where is the hat, father? Didn't you take it with you? Why are you wearing this ragged woollen cap?"

He lifted a little bundle from his lap, and his mouth opened in a broad smile: "It's in here—I couldn't wear it in all that dust—and the wind might blow it off!"

"Let her see it, let her see it," the men coaxed him. "There is not another one on earth like it."

Slowly he unwrapped the cloth and took out a brown felt hat with an enormous top and a black silk ribbon. He held it up in his hand for me to admire it, whilst his eyes looked half anxious, half proud. In a quaint way it had come about that he loved this hat. His simple soul was so innocent that he treasured what was the symbol of a new humiliation.

It was now evening. We had reached the mountains which for the past week had formed the end of my horizon, wild and unpopulated. The road was often blocked by stones which had tumbled down from the overhanging rocks and crossed by small torrents or disappeared altogether at the edge of a precipice. Noisily the lorry crept upwards into the growing darkness, for hours no village ahead where we could rest.

The air was damp, a wind blew, and we shivered with cold. The boxes on which we were crouching, cut unpleasantly into our flesh. Yet no one complained, silently we rolled on, trying to warm ourselves against each other. Then, suddenly, when we were just crossing the ridge of the mountain, something exploded underneath the car, and a cloud of dust and smoke rose.

We stopped, and the driver, a small, kind fellow with the head of a low-bred criminal, climbed down with his wildest curses—the left back tyre had burst again. The men sat down at the roadside and for a few minutes did nothing but muse on the new disaster which had befallen them. Then, slowly, they began to get up and examine the tyre.

By now it had grown quite dark. Clouds were drifting low and touching us with their wet breath, and a quarter of an hour later, whilst the men were still hard at work at the repair, a terrible thunderstorm broke out, and a slashing rain drenched them all to the skin. I climbed on the driver's seat and wrapped myself into the stinking blanket which he had given me. Half asleep, I listened to the veiled voices of the men who went on working and pumping in turn, to the rain, and the thunder, and the rushing of a mighty waterfall.

A hand touched me through the paneless window. I started a little, but in the flash of the next lightning I recognised the hodja. He was soaking wet, the water streamed over his face, and his beautiful beard looked rough and ugly. He held up his bundle: "Take it, lady," he whispered, "the rain . . ."

Towards three o'clock in the morning, we knocked at the door of a hut, and soon round a roaring fire we warmed and dried ourselves a little, the hodja holding the bundle in his shivering hands. One of the men made as if to throw it into the flames, but the poor old man did not understand the joke and spat like a cat.

Before the sun had risen, we moved on again. At an average speed of ten miles we crawled through the day. Yet, in spite of the cautious driving, the tyre burst three more times. When the evening came, we all were so exhausted that we no longer cared about anything. We had hardly had any food, and our throats hurt us from dryness. The hodja was asleep, his head resting on his breast and rolling helplessly from right to left. But his wrinkled hand was firmly closed around the knot of the bundle.

From Artvin a navigable river went to the coast, and the driver decided to get rid of the goods and send them on by boat instead of risking half a dozen more breakdowns. The greater part of the passengers left us as well, only three workers, a soldier, the hodja, and I remained.

I sat at the driver's side. He was so tired that he could only keep awake by singing loudly and talking to himself. The car was now as light as a young horse, and he raced madly up the mountains and round the sharp corners of the road, hardly reducing his speed when he had to back.

Behind us the men rolled and bumped about on the empty vehicle like a handful of carrots, but he paid no heed to their protests. The headlights dashed over the rocks and the black sky. I had folded my hands in resignation and given up hope ever to reach the Black Sea alive.

So we went on until a fearful howl pierced the night. The driver pulled sharp up and turned round: "What has happened? What's the matter?" And the men shouted back in a chorus: "The hodja has lost his hat—the hodja has lost his hat!"

The air trembled with their laughter. But the hodja knocked his head against the board of the car and repeated with growing despair: "Allah, Allah, Allah. . . ." The loss of his hat was more than he could understand, it was cruel and senseless, and for the first time, bewildered, he accused God whom he had humbly worshipped all his life.

LILO LINKE

"PEER GYNT" AT THE OLD VIC

HERE is an opportunity which may not occur again for years! And must not be missed.

Peer Gynt is the greatest poetical-philosophical drama since *Faust*. To perform it in one evening is as impossible as it would be to give both parts of Goethe's play together. The only way would be to begin in the afternoon and go on after an interval. The performance at "The Old Vic" is therefore heavily cut: whether the cuts are always judicious it is hard to tell; but in my opinion it was a mistake to omit the mad-house scene in Cairo where Peer is hailed Emperor and "Protector of all the mad"; while the transition scene on board the ship, which at the Old Vic is effectively presented only to the eye, is of far less importance to the theme. The tendency of cuts is to give inevitably more prominence to the Solveig thread in the complicated pattern. The Solveig thread cannot be cut any more than the Gretchen thread in *Faust*—yet the balance is disturbed if that alone is left intact. The total effect of the play is in that case apt to be confused with a merely sentimental redemption. What was actually in Ibsen's mind in the last scene of all when Peer, after battering round the world as an unreal imposter of overweening ambitions, returns as a broken old man to Solveig's hut, has never been clear to me. Peer's is certainly not so definite a redemption as Faust's. Peer knows at last that he has never been himself and therefore that he cannot escape the "button moulder." He asks Solveig "Can you tell me where Peer Gynt has been since we parted? . . . Where was I as myself, as the true man, the whole?" And Solveig replies, "In *my* faith, in *my* hope, in *my* love." Whether Ibsen intended to suggest some mystical vicarious salvation, or whether (as I incline to think) only some comfort which would enable that raging egoist, that "onion without a core," to face his ultimate failure, is doubtful. All that is certain is that it is extremely difficult to project this scene upon the stage without producing an incongruous Darby and Joan effect—two old people at last united; and my central adverse criticism of the Old Vic production was that this pitfall was not avoided. The close of the play was much more sentimental than mysterious. But let me dwell first at any rate upon the successes of this production for which we ought to be grateful. Mr. Ellis Roberts, whose translation I have not yet had time

to compare with that of William Archer, says in a short essay explaining the play, which you can purchase at the theatre, "It is supremely in the first three acts a play of the love between mother and son. Indeed, I know no other work in literature which expresses that love so fully, so unsentimentally and so truthfully as the record of the affection between Ase and Peer." That is a true word and the Old Vic has been fortunate in the actor and actress who interpret this relation. Mr. William Devlin is at his best in the first part and that best is very good. There is a faun-like vivacity in his movements, his tenderness and violence which is poetic and yet consonant with the realism of the moment when Peer speaks and behaves as the liar and the scamp; while Miss Florence Kahn plays the part of Ase, his mother, her frantic anxieties and devotion, with vehemence and delicacy. The famous scene when the out-lawed Peer comes down from the mountains in time to be with her as she dies is most moving; he sits at the end of her bed and, recalling their games of nursery make-believe together, drives her in an imaginary sledge to heaven. Watch Miss Kahn's expression then—the laughing yet exalted ecstasy of it, before she falls back dead. For a moment she reminded me of Duse.

Mr. Devlin's interpretation of Peer as the successful financier, as a sham oriental prophet, as a broken old man returning at last with a bag of gold to his native land, was not up to his acting as the youthful Peer. There was a lack of finish and subtlety in the scenes of Peer as master of his fate; he seemed to forget that effectiveness lay in preserving more of the bogus dignity of the successful man. For there lies the bite of Ibsen's irony. The most triumphant scenic success in the production was the Troll's kingdom in the first part. This was an amazing spectacle and the gruesome humour of the Troll King and his daughter's (Miss Potter) mincing maniacal wooing contributed to the drama of a prodigious ballet.

Peer Gynt is the most comprehensively Norwegian of Ibsen's dramas, in that it includes more of the traditional spirit of his country. Yet it was conceived in Italy. "We human beings are far-sighted," he wrote in 1870; "we see things best at a distance. Whatever is irrelevant, whatever belongs only to the day, is given undue importance when one is in the midst of the crowd; at least I have felt it to be so." There is a story of his looking across at the island of Ischia one summer evening and suddenly exclaiming, "What a fine hop-garden!" and when his companion reminded him that he was looking at vines, Ibsen replied, "Of course, sometimes I have to pull my ears to realise I am not in Norway." He was very angry with his country at this time, and the great success of *Brand* had not appeased him. In that play he had fallen on the spirit of compromise and hypocrisy. In *Peer Gynt* he set out to lash the spirit of empty boasting, which he thought was a deadly failing of his countrymen. He had a vague historical model for his purpose, a queer legendary seventeenth-century fellow, famous for telling towering stories and making himself the hero of them; but the part of the Peer Gynt legend which appealed to the deepest part of Ibsen's imagination was the strange story The Boyg. With the exception of the Trolls the rest of the mythology of the play he invented himself. He had conceived Brand, the embodiment of "all or nothing," the heroic priest, so like Kierkegaard's ideal man, in a tempest of scorn for a paltering pursuit of happiness and a smug schoolmaster religion. "Your God," cried Brand, "is an old man: mine is *young!* How true the intuitions of genius remain. In a more secular form the spirit of modern Italy, "Giovinezza! Giovinezza!" is in that cry of Brand's, and of German Fascism too. At the time of writing *Brand* Ibsen perhaps overshot himself in sympathy with the hero, though he showed (for nothing could deflect the integrity of his creative imagination) that while Brand was climbing himself from height to height of devotion, he was plunging also into depth after depth of merciless cruelty to human beings, till at last not only his followers but Nature herself stoned him. Ibsen declared when *Brand* had made its impression, that it was "wholly and thoroughly an aesthetic work," and in saying so perhaps he had most in mind the element of detachment which enters into aesthetic creation. But while he was writing *Brand* his moral and emotional sympathies were more engaged on the side of "all or nothing" heroism than his complex sense of truth could afterwards justify. In *Peer Gynt*, his next dramatic poem, he turned his light upon the egotistic demi-god, who from a distance may easily be confused with such a hero, though seen at close quarters he is absurd enough; his aim being to find perpetually illusions to hide reality from himself and others; to lie bravely enough to convince himself and them. Peer's military genius is based only on a street-fight; his reputation for daring on carrying off a peasant bride to the mountains for a few hours; only when he is alone in the mountains is he free from ridicule, yet even there he meets with the Boyg, an awful impalpable obstacle which tells him he "must go round." He defies it; he will go straight on and draws his sword to cut his way through. But in the end he must go round. He has kept his eyes only on the will inside himself; the world-will is outside him too.

It was partly through self-dissection that Ibsen created Peer, partly through a diagnosis of national romanticism. Peer thus becomes the symbol of human limitation and self-deception, and has at last to meet the "Button moulder," and lose his precious identity after having been crowned Emperor of Himself. Where? In a Cairo madhouse.

DESMOND MACCARTHY

THE MOSCOW FESTIVAL

MOSCOW gave visitors to this, the third annual festival, a most wonderful welcome. Every performance was preceded by an enthusiastically friendly speech, and tourists were made welcome in the sanctums of theatre directors in green rooms, on and behind any and every stage, and indeed, they penetrated everywhere—to places wild horses would not drag them near, at home, as well as to such a banquet of first-rate productions that few escaped cerebral indigestion. The Russian theatre flourishes in a vastly exciting atmosphere of enthusiasm. It owes its present paramount importance to the intimacy of its connection with the Government, and to its educational value: the closest ties bind it to the Revolution, and these are reflected in its recent history. Even in Tsarist days, however emaciated by the censorship "in the darkest times it upheld sentiments of noble indignation and free thought" as Lunarcharski claimed, and in 1917 hundreds of amateur theatres sprang up, all eager to express the mind, will and feelings of the builders of this new, Socialist, order. Mere squibs, perhaps, these first, unrecollected outpourings of emotion, but they proved that the theatre was none the worse for the change in control.

Then came the time when it felt the need for roots, and "the critical assimilation of its cultural heritage" began, with the revival of the classics. In them, in the traditions established by Gogol and Tchekhov, Ostrovsky and Tolstoy, and continued by Gorki, and such new writers as Bulgakov and A. Finogenov, Bolshevist Russia found a spiritual legacy which will never fail her. The murder of Kirov, it is true, frosted this first blossoming of post-revolutionary dramatic freedom and fervour (it had far greater repercussions than is generally realised, even in Russia), but the Russian theatre not only reflects the Government's mood, it also is the people's advocate, and the new Puritanism gave such writers as Pogodin their chance. As early as August, 1934, he had attacked, at the Pan-Soviet Literary Congress, the "bourgeois psychology and realism" of himself, and of all living playwrights. In his new play, *Aristocrats*—first produced in January, 1935, at Okhlopov's Realistic Theatre, and shown at this Festival, he has abolished the proscenium arch, brought the stage and players back amongst the audience, and done away with scenery, furniture, lights or make-up. He depends, for the creation of dramatic illusion, on the intense physical and emotional proximity of audience and actors: the play's subject is most opportune and apposite—the rehabilitation of their own selves, by the making of the White Sea Canal, of

prostitutes, thieves, drunkards, cheats, and hang-overs of the old regime, sent there to labour out their own salvation.

This was perhaps the most interesting, and the least moving, of the plays given: for in his journey away from realism Pogodin has gone back, beyond the Elizabethans and beyond the Greeks, for both called in Nature as background to their tragedies, to some Frazerian ritual, and this drama leaves the mere spectator cold in his hard seat, with his view of a ranting, spitting, dishevelled female interrupted by the heads of other members of the audience, set all around the stage. It is for the faithful only, who, as Catholics at the Mass, share in the sacrifice and the resultant catharsis.

Of the other new plays, *Fighters*, at the Maly Theatre, gave an interesting picture of Red Army life in peace time, and is sociologically valuable, as it showed how ideally middle-class and virtuous the home-life of the Russian soldier has become: in Act One, an adoring grandmother feeds soup to her family: Act Two shows an anxious young mother shushing her husband and his brother officers, lest baby wake; in Act Three French windows open on to an unmistakable church spire. *The Wonderful Alloy* is straight comedy, full of pretty shock-workers mistaken for charladies, and kindred jokes. *Egyptian Nights* was exhibitionist in staging and production—a brilliant exercise to demonstrate the "latest" in scenic technique and direction—a series of *tableaux vivants* with words added by Messrs. Pushkin, Shaw and Shakespeare.

King Lear, by the Jewish Theatre, with Mikhoels mad amongst Donnesque effigies, was to English eyes the most experimental of the classical productions attempted. Fletcher's *Spanish Curate* was rollicking farce, taken at terrific speed. The First Act Theatre surpassed itself with Gogol's *Dead Souls*—probably their most perfect success, although with Ostrovski's *The Storm* and Bulgakov's *Days of the Turbines* they ran themselves pretty close. *Lady Macbeth of Mtensk* and the children's opera, *The Tale of the Fisherman and the Fish*, divided musical honours with the unoriginal but adequate *Sadko* at the Bolshoi, and Oranski's new grotesque ballet, *Three Fat Men*.

Of contemporary conditions in Russia one thing is certain, however certainly all the rest are lies: *nescio panem, video circenses adesse.*

ANNE FREMANTLE

PLAYS AND PICTURES

More Non-Aryan Brilliance

Entertainment values abound in *Nina* at the Criterion. The story is amusing, the craftsmanship deft, the translation by Hubert Griffith deliciously light-handed and crisp, the production by Owen Nares as smooth as could be wished. The company, an immensely able one, would earn volumes of individual appreciation were it not for the fact that its function is to provide a setting for a star whose busy scintillations inevitably absorb all attention. Lucie Mannheim, whose evening it is, is a German actress whose presence in her own country is apparently distasteful to the Nazis. She is perhaps not quite in the Bergner class—one cannot tell from her performance here, though once or twice she makes you suspect the full depths of sensibility which belong to every great emotional actress. At all events, she has vitality, humour, intelligence, spontaneity and resilience of mood beyond any comparison which this country can offer; and, for connoisseurs of acting, this is a large bounty in our present poverty of theatrical personalities. No great stress need be laid on the fact that in this piece she plays two parts—that of a famous film-actress bored with her success, and that of her understudy yearning for it. The physical strain is probably considerable, but there is little occasion for such quick-change *tours de force* as delighted our circus-loving grandparents, and, in any case, the part of Nina Gallas, the film-star, by itself should make few demands on any actress able to look beautiful and speak charmingly. Infinitely more interesting is her performance as Trude Melitz, the pathetic little understudy of the first act, who is given the chance to change places permanently with the star. You watch the vanity and jealousy which had been no worse than amusing in the fame-hungry *gamine* overwhelmed in a flood of incredulity and bewilderment, to emerge again and flower into a monstrous rage of egoism as she realises her apotheosis. This is the big scene of the play, dangerous in its flat improbability, where one false note would jettison everything that comes after. She handles it with perfect assurance and perfect artistry. In the next act, we see the complete synthetic Nina Gallas the Second, radiant from her first movie triumph, her vulgarity richly enhanced with opulence, her egoism shrill, interminable, intolerable. It is, of course, all delightfully funny; for by now, with Mr. Hugh Miller as the movie magnate forcing the pace for all he is worth, we are in the realm of farce. But Trude, besides being a walking homily to the film-struck, contrives to remain vigorously alive, and never quite absurd. This is a magnificent performance. Hugh Miller is more than a pacemaker. His Schimmelmann is eager, voluble, idealistic and utterly and completely tawdry—a beautiful piece of satire. Cecil Parker, as the engineer-husband of the real Nina Gallas, is an amiable stodge, revolting against the wonderland to which he finds himself allied, but resentful of the means by which his wife secures her freedom. Finally, Joyce Bland plays the tenderly managing secretary of Nina with such completeness that, were her reputation not safe, she would be doomed to stage-secretarial work for the rest of her career.

Rivals and Colleagues

"I vow," said Mrs. Malaprop, "that I dote above all things on volubility in a gentleman! And Mr. Monsell is so indigenous!" And indeed the lady is right. *Rivals!* at the Embassy Theatre is a piece of ingenious versatility, one of the most enchantingly impudent compliments ever paid to an author. Mr. Monsell has a sense of appropriate style, and his songs, in which he expends a phrase or a hint of Sheridan's, fit as exquisitely as possible into the texture of Sheridan's prose. So much for his ingenuity. And versatile! Mr. Coward has written his own music at times, and produced his plays; but Mr. Monsell has written his own music, designed his own scenery and "created" the costumes—and frocks and scenery have a gaiety and freshness which symbolise the high spirits of the whole performance. To-day, under the domination of those whom Harold Nicolson has called "a stern and angry generation," the artist is forbidden to play. He may, of course, write treatises on the play-instinct; but he mustn't frolic himself. Those who swear to that severe doctrine need not bother to go to the Embassy: the rest of us will run there to enjoy the fun, the beauty and the wit of *Rivals!* Mr. Monsell is an Irishman, and his songs have the spontaneity, the aptness and directness of speech, which we expect in a fellow-countryman of Sheridan's and Curran's. Sometimes one is in doubt, when Mrs. Malaprop is singing, whether one of her blunders is Sheridan or Monsell: and future generations will certainly confuse the vintages. Who was it, for instance, said "Men were retrievers ever?" (What a claim for those who trust their wives to find latch-keys and petty cash!). And did Sheridan show us Mrs. Malaprop having her "stereoscope" read? The part-songs and the solos are equally successful; and phrases stick in the head—such as "Woman in the abstract kind, And in the concrete fickle"—and there is a frequent felicitous audacity in rhyme which W. S. Gilbert would have envied. The company enjoyed themselves as much as we did, though they were properly firm in refusing encores: the best performances were Bruce Carfax's as Jack Absolute, James Topping's as Faulkland, Elsie French's as Mrs. Malaprop, Frederick Ranalow's as Lucius O'Trigger, and Betty French's as Lucy Lockett. Yet it seems ungrateful to the others to pick these out, as Harry Hilliard's Fag had a rarely dashing impertinence, and if Winifred Campbell's Lydia Languish was a portrait in grisaille, that is in the part, and no fault of hers. *Rivals!* should be certain of a quick transference to a West End theatre: and Mr. Monsell may be sure that Sheridan, when he hears of it, will exclaim "No, no, my boy—not my rival, but my second!"

The Grafton Theatre

There is a prospect of some interesting evenings at the Grafton Theatre, Tottenham Court Road, this coming season. A company of young players proposes to present there a new play every fortnight, with "guest" actors and actresses from time to time. The venture deserves success, and the first play is sufficiently unusual to make a pilgrimage worth while. *In Such a World* is Mr. Ashley Dukes's adaptation of Hans Rothe's adaptation into German of *A Comedy of Errors*. Only the most fanatical of Bardolaters could complain of the result—an amusing fantasy in very tolerable blank-verse, with a cheerfully anachronistic production. Unfortunately not all the "jazzing-up" in the world can

entirely rescue the piece from its longueurs, but the bright moments of Shakespeare are not dimmed, and the piece is considerably livelier than one would expect. Andrew Leigh and Peter Ridgeway, the chief "guests," are the two Dromios, and Beatrice Radley, Clephan Bell and Muriel Taylor also give pleasant performances.

"Karl and Anna" at the Gate

Depression sets in from the rise of the curtain at the Gate Theatre Studio, and is maintained, apart from an impious giggle or two from the audience, to the end. The story of Karl who steals his friend's wife, first in imagination while the two are together in a Russian prison camp, and then in fact when he escapes and "returns" to her, has poignancy and some drama. But the unrelieved background of misery and suffering, the inarticulacy of the characters, and a curious atmosphere of heavy sentimentality pervading the action, too soon become merely boring. Herr Frank is unable to convince us that the love affair has actually the mystical inevitability which he claims for it. Why should we suppose that Karl is anything more than an unscrupulous neurotic, Anna more than a sex-starved sentimentalist, or Richard her husband more than an unlucky good-natured clod? And, if this is true, why should we spend two hours in their sad company? To say that the characters lack stature is not sufficient—they lack even the easier significance of naturalism. Mr. Norman Marshall's production does nothing to help matters. It is pompous and paralytically slow. Of the players, Mr. Arthur Young as Richard has the least difficulty and scores with a plodding simplicity.

"A Russian Jazz Comedy" at the Academy

Those who found Chapayev boring and incompetent will approach *A Russian Jazz Comedy* with some alarm: but they will find it a stunner. The Russian sense of humour here makes a comeback, after being submerged in veneration of noble peasants and even more noble machines. Alexandroff, author and director of this film, is a brilliant eclectic: he has obviously studied René Clair, the Marx Brothers, Laurel and Hardy, Bunnel (the surréaliste creator of the *Age d'Or*) and Walt Disney. (The short cartoon section in the film is weak, but the Disney influence is elsewhere evident.) The result is a lovely crazy imaginative affair without a moral and with just enough satire to give it an edge. The story is a simple business of mistaken identity, a shepherd who gets taken for a famous musician. The only serious fault in the film is that the second half is not quite so good as the first—it just couldn't be. For the invasion of a pension by herds of cows, goats, sheep and pigs provides one of the richest sequences ever put over. Almost as good, however, is the jazz-band battle, with flutes used as arrows and double-basses as bows. The hero and heroine are both proletarian, while the bourgeois are ridiculous in the *Chapeau de Paille d'Italie* style, but no signs of propaganda are visible. The music—most of it jazz, which used to be thought un-Marxian—is lively and whistleable, the settings are pretty, and Outesoff, the hero, is a Vallée with no tears. This film, in fact, is the goods, and Alexandroff a name to remember.

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, September 29th—
S. K. Ratcliffe on "The Book of Job: A Modern Argument," Conway Hall, 11.

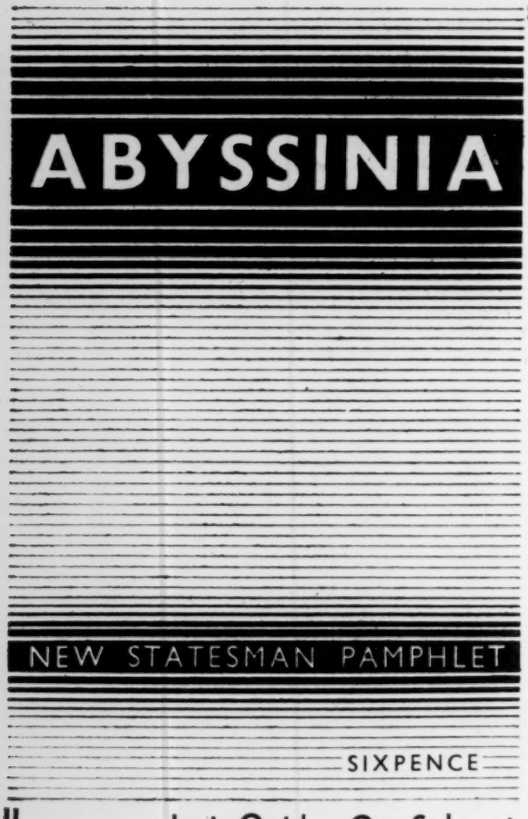
MONDAY, September 30th—
"Un Ballo in Maschera," Covent Garden, 8.
Ballets Jooss, Gaiety Theatre.
"The Merchant of Venice," Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith.

TUESDAY, October 1st—
Valentine A. Bell on "The Education of the Adolescent," Mary Ward Settlement, 36 Tavistock Place, 8.
S. K. Ratcliffe on "The Roosevelt Epoch," Morley College, 8.
"The Soldier's Fortune," Ambassadors Theatre.
"The Dance of Death," Westminster Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, October 2nd—
"The Second Key," Arts Theatre.

THURSDAY, October 3rd—
Dr. G. P. Gooch on "Politics and Morals," Friends Meeting House, Euston Road, 8.

FRIDAY, October 4th—
Sir Ernest Simon on "The Qualities of a Citizen," Morley College, 5.15.



NEW STATESMAN PAMPHLET

ABYSSINIA

By Vigilantes

Authors of THE DYING PEACE

Demy 8vo., 64 pp. SIXPENCE

It gives a full and objective account of the history of the Abyssinian dispute and discusses the part played by the British and other League Powers from the beginning of the dispute down to present time. Secondly, it discusses the implications of sanctions and suggests an attitude and a policy which may appeal as sane and hopeful to supporters of the Covenant who are not imperialists or, on other issues, supporters of the National Government. We believe that this pamphlet may be of great value to many people who now find themselves placed in an almost intolerable dilemma. There is a grave danger that the Left will divide into three groups on this issue—out-and-out pacifists, sanctionists and revolutionaries. We believe that the policy suggested in this pamphlet is realistic and reasonable and that on it Labour could stand its ground. The authors of this pamphlet are the small group of experts who were responsible for the remarkable examination of the National Government's foreign policy which was published by this journal with the title of "The Dying Peace."

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"The English sitting at their awkward ease,
With folded arms and cantilever knees,"

wrote Mr. G. H. Luce, in a volume of most original poems published several years ago, and there they sit in the sunshine while the swallows weave in and out over their heads and the peacock butterflies open and shut their wings on the early Michaelmas daisies; there they sit, as they have been sitting every day throughout the summer, lounging in deck, or rorkee chairs, or lying on "aero-billos" reading books and unaware of the sunshine and the wind ruffling their hair. A gong is beaten, or a bell is rung, and, still absorbed and inattentive, they troop indoors with pins and needles in their healthy limbs, to eat and drink and wake up sufficiently from their trance to discuss the plots and the suspect characters. . . . Would you believe it? They have been reading detective novels in all of which all the characters invariably come out of an old stores catalogue, and exist in a grey, drab, dull, commonplace, ugly world. "Fresh corpses sent out daily, delivered free within forty miles of London in the Society's vans." There is a hopeless respectability about these standardised catalogues of anonymous crime. Why do people read them? I should know, for though I don't care for the relaxation of reading detective stories I spent weeks of my innocent childhood in studying the stores catalogue, and filling my mind with the details of chauffeurs' liveries, marquees on hire, masonic regalia, gents' d.b. Chesterfield coats, fitted dressing cases, and then, of course, the guns, cartridges, shooting sticks and burglar alarms, all of them dead objects, meaningless and without independent existence until some human being stalks in to the stores and carries one of them off.

* * *

In a detective novel that never happens, for the corpse and the characters and Scotland Yard are all supplied by the Stores. Even their eternal, sordid pre-occupation with crime and murder is lifeless, and the crimes themselves are always as incredible as the sexual orgies described in pornographic books. Just as the one appeals to a primitive lust, the other appeals, I believe, to herd fears: "there is a wolf got among the flock of sheep, a snake among the chattering monkeys, a remorseless hawk among the mob of starlings." But this is never pressed home; the murderer remains vague, and the detective story is so easy to read because it is no more than a form of watching movement that doesn't concern the reader. He just watches it, as a sick man will watch the dancing shadows on the bedroom curtains. As for the pretence that they offer problems for the intelligence—all I can say is I think "spotting the lady" in the three card trick is a far more intellectual occupation. One murder mystery may be interesting, the second is tedious, the third gives me a headache and suddenly nausea seizes me. Can I never escape from the stores catalogue and the murder mystery, the jigsaw and the Sunday crossword; unholy *mantras* that debilitate the minds of Englishmen under the specious pretence of exercising them. For what? And how? Of course, I might if I were to give myself up to reading Pareto, or re-reading Sir Thomas Browne.

* * *

But are there not books which perform what the detective novel, or stores catalogue, or the thriller are always promising but never achieve—books that satisfy the lusts of possession and adventure? There are, indeed; but they are few and far between, and I have just come across one of them —*The Box of Delights*, by John Masefield (Heinemann, 7*s.* 6*d.*), which I should describe as a detective story for children, but with lots of magic thrown in, since the box itself—which is what the men, dressed like curates, from the theological college, are after—is a magic box into which you vanish in two ways: either as the time traveller vanished into the *Time Machine*—so that as they snatch, you are already back in primaeval forests, walking with the mighty figure of Herne the Hunter—or in the more traditional magic manner, which Alice found so trying in practice when she nibbled mushrooms and shot up or down like an express lift.

* * *

At first sight you might seek an explanation of the difference between *The Box of Delights* and ordinary detective and mystery stories in the magic; but that would be a superficial error, as you will discover if you open another book for children, *The Happy Mariners*, by Gerald Bullett (Dent, 7*s.* 6*d.*), which was published eight years ago under the title of *The Spanish Caravel*, so that perhaps some of my readers may remember being disappointed by it in the nursery. A mysterious sailor presents the model of a ship in a glass bottle to the daughter of a suburban family. The children take it to a pond, smash the bottle with a stone, climb on board and sail away to fight with pirates and find treasure on a cannibal island. Unfortunately Mr. Bullett does not really believe that this happened. Indeed if he really believed in pirates he would not think them a suitable subject for a children's book; and the story tails away into feebleness even more unreal than the ghastly convention of Hercule Poirot talking to Mr. Hastings about "the little grey cells." Moreover, are there any children of ten and twelve who are forbidden to carry matches? I *had* to have matches at twelve or I could never have baked eggs in clay or cooked the rabbits I poached. And, since Mr. Bullett doesn't believe his story, the whole book, with the children, ship, treasure island and pirates, is merely a page torn out of the toys and games department. By the way, there really was a fascinating novel by G. M. (the George was Morrow not Moore), written round the illustrations to Whiteley's catalogue and published about 1911.

* * *

Mr. Masefield's magic has a very different imaginative quality from Mr. Bullett's:

> The mouse began to tremble violently and turned quite white. "They are going to poison the cats. I heard the whole plan." . . . "They said, 'First we'll catch that mouse when he comes along here and then we'll bathe him good and rich in the rats bane . . . and then we'll make him run across the room the two cats sleep in.'"

This is genuine; one has only to hear it to believe it and to realise the terrible position in which the mouse is placed. The great quality of Masefield, which has shown itself often in his poems, is his gusto. It is this which makes him believe his own story, and write so well that we believe it too. Just as Mr. Bullett does not want to believe in a child's *really* killing a pirate, or in a cannibal's *really* eating human flesh, the detective writer does not *really* believe the lady's head is in the hat box, nor care if it is. He just says that it is to play with our herd fear while he is pretending to set a conundrum. Whereas for Masefield the wolves really are running, the Bishop really is being scobbled, the rats really do meet in a dark cellar and get roaring drunk. The past haunts him; throughout the story it is as close to us as the wind roaring in the elms outside; you wake at night and rush out and are blown away to meet Roman legions, ancient Britons, fairies that live with the owls in a hollow tree. But the gusto which gives *The Box of Delights* its quality is also its undoing; Masefield's exuberance swamps his story. As one reads on one feels one is being carried hither and thither by a flood, which has swept along everything it touched. When it subsides, at last, we are actually left with a lot of drowned rats and half-drowned clergymen and choristers trying to disentangle themselves from the hopeless muddle. But the flood was glorious while it lasted, and, in spite of magic and exuberance, the *Box of Delights* is the best children's book I have read for a long time.

DAVID GARNETT

FISHERS OF MEN

God is My Adventure. By ROM LANDAU. *Nicholson and Watson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Here, for once, is a book one can honestly speak well of.

In his fifteen years' search for "reality," "spiritual truth," or "the deep things of God" (to vary the formula), Mr. Rom Landau has been eager to study not merely the doctrine of all available masters, but, if possible, themselves. What kind of people are these latter-day saviours? An important question: for to be prepared to follow a religious guide even a short distance one must like the look of him. The spiritual physician, one who asserts moral authority and lays down moral values, must first of all convince us that he has healed himself. And intellectual difficulties are seldom half such a stumbling block as these personal difficulties.

Mr. Landau, though open-minded, and eager to be pleased, does not attempt to distort his own reactions; and he has an eye one feels it possible to trust. There is something very convincing about his description of the incurably social atmosphere which prevailed at Keyserling's Darmstadt headquarters, and about his remarks on "the saintliness that hung over Eerde" (Krishnamurti's Dutch residence) "like a pink cloud in a play." Eerde, in contrast to Darmstadt, was full of those people (how well one knows them!) who "look deep into your eyes when they talk to you, and have a weakness for sandals," and they used to meditate in their stockinged feet every morning before breakfast. These manners did not please Mr. Landau; nevertheless, in Krishnamurti's presence he felt himself "growing happier every day," but the influence struck him as purely contagious, a success of character. For once, the barrier seemed intellectual. Even here, however, one may be inclined to suspect a lack of substance in the personality, not only in the message, as one cause of doubt.

That was Mr. Landau's nearest approach to discipleship, unless his almost boundless admiration for Steiner can be given the name. Baba and Buchman might almost be comic cuts of the Eastern and the Western religious Teacher—though even they are treated, ostensibly, with some respect. Perhaps not everyone remembers Baba, the Parsee with the long hair and the numerous female disciples, who "for spiritual reasons" did not speak, but spelt out his remarks on a blackboard. Mr. Landau met him only once, but learnt a great deal afterwards from a disciple, a "very beautiful woman" who had been an actress, and was prevailed on to describe her first meeting with the "perfect master."

> Suddenly I had to run through the room, and I found myself on the floor at his feet, weeping, weeping, weeping. Oh, how I was weeping! . . . Baba then took my face between his hands and looked for a long time first into one of my eyes, then into the other, and then back into the first eye. . . .
>
> His first words were: "I am man and woman and child. I am sexless." He then paused for a while, brought his face nearer to mine, and said: "Have no fear."

It is a unique mixture of the nauseating and the ludicrous, but one cannot help feeling a certain kindness for a Master who goes to the cinema "at times even twice or three times a day," not of course to see the film, but so that he can "work on the audience" in its unguarded moments; and who has found out a new way of directing world-destinies through the newspapers.

> Baba does not read a paper. He just goes over the headlines. But while doing this he places his hands and fingers on the printed lines . . . and through such a contact with the print he affects the results of events described in the article.

Dr. Buchman is harder to appreciate, perhaps because he belongs more to *us*. Mr. Landau (his one failure) never got more out of "Frank" than a kind smile; an interview was constantly promised, but no less constantly postponed, and Mr. Landau at length came to believe that "Frank" was deliberately avoiding an inquirer who might criticise—who, indeed, declares that he could never leave a "sharing" meeting "without feeling ashamed that one of the holiest things should have become the subject of play-acting."

> The flavour of the whole performance was one of amateur theatricals. . . . Most of the confessions had all the signs of a carefully prepared performance. . . Jokes were made with the regularity of those in a vaudeville theatre. Nothing upset me so much as the hilarity . . . Dr. Buchman always . . . stresses the paramount importance of being hilarious. His followers exaggerate it in the same way . . . as when they speak of his character. They use such phrases as "Merriment bursts through the shaving soap," "Astir with the birds," "Crows with joy."

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "this merriment of parsons is mighty offensive." Of course it is not exclusively characteristic of the Oxford Group; a man-of-the-world back-slapping religion has prevailed for some time even in the Catholic Church, where we romantic Protestants are surprised to find it, and "radiant, soapy and laughing Buchman" merely carries a popular method to extremes. Which is quite bad enough. Mr. Landau's chapter on Principal Jeffreys and his revival strikes one as a little dull; but it may have been inserted to bring out the far greater dignity and sincerity of that crude religion.

The mysterious Gurdjieff falls between two groups here: the definitely religious and the intellectual. Here again Mr. Landau's personal knowledge is limited to two interviews—but they were enough. Mr. Landau is "candid" (in the archaic sense), he has an extreme respect for the esoteric, and he believes that intelligent and experienced people are unlikely to be imposed on (a view belonging rather to literature than to life). He has heard it put forward (by one of those intelligent people) that Gurdjieff's "wanton methods" remind one of the god Siva—and he takes it well. But he always respects the findings of his sensibility, and two interviews made it clear that Gurdjieff was not, at any rate, the man for him.

In spite of Mr. Landau's demand for intellect in his spiritual leaders, it is on the intellectual—Keyserling, Steiner and Ouspensky—that he is least satisfying. The personal view (when there is one) remains distinct, but the exposition of ideas is even more confused and contradictory than it need have been. Indeed, Mr. Landau's whole attitude to scientific and philosophical statement is to me most baffling. Most people, confronted with a proposition of that class, feel obliged to accept it, to reject it, or to suspend judgment. But Mr. Landau does none of these things; he contents himself with *reverencing* it, and shows just the same reverence for two entirely contradictory statements. Nor does his own creed (expounded in the last chapter) show much philosophic grasp; it is amiable and high-minded, but not likely to solve anyone's "honest doubt."

Looks being, perhaps, next to personality, the most important asset of a messiah, it was right to include photographs—but not to make them horrible close-ups, which one can hardly see. The palm for impressiveness goes, not to any philosopher or prophet, but to—Stefan George, who has so little business in the volume; indeed, there is no one else in it (no, not Krishnamurti) at whose feet one could for a moment imagine oneself sitting.

K. JOHN

COCKSHIES

Penny Foolish. By OSBERT SITWELL. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

If Samuel Smiles were alive, he could hold up Mr. Sitwell as an example of what a man can achieve by persevering self-education. He can still, it is true, make curious slips. He supposes, for instance, that Lord Elgin of the Marbles survived to destroy the Summer Palace at Pekin. This would indeed have been a virile achievement for a man of ninety-four, but it was in fact the work of his son, a man notable for his sympathy with Oriental peoples, but so orthodox in his aesthetic taste that he never conceived that Ming art might be considered beautiful.

Mr. Sitwell's new volume, notable for the elegance of its production, consists for the most part of reprinted journalism. He writes with wit and hatred of flowers, golf, public schools, English food, Thackeray, interior decoration, street-music, Mrs. Leavis and the common cold. Many of these articles seem skilfully designed to raise the rate of death by apoplexy in Cheltenham and Bournemouth. Thus he pens a savage indictment of the whole nation of dogs, and then, except one tribe, the Pekinese, a tribe chiefly notable for the ferocity of their tempers and the hideousness of their voices. At first I thought that this was mere weakness on Mr. Sitwell's part, but then I perceived that it was a straw cunningly calculated to break the colonel's back. These brilliant *boutades* will no doubt ensure for their author a venerated old age, and when he is past saying anything sensible, he will, at last, be treated as a man of sense. The sophisticated reader, who can get no delicious shock from the profanation of totems in which he has long since ceased to believe, will prefer Mr. Sitwell in his more serious mood, as in the various references to China, a country which he has recently visited to the evident enrichment of his sensibility and imagination. I look forward to the book which he will no doubt distill from the experience of residing in Pekin.

Like most good comic writers, Mr. Sitwell is a humanitarian,

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These words might fittingly be adapted to almost all war memorials, for, whether they represent howitzers or Angels of Peace, their ugliness is almost always appropriate to the horrors they commemorate.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

NEW NOVELS

Dead Centre. By ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
Fool's Quarter Day. By LOUIS MARLOW. *Faber.* 7s. 6d.
The Whole of the Story. By PHYLLIS BENTLEY. *Gollancz.* 7s. 6d.
Victory to the Vanquished. By BARBARA GOOLDEN. *Chapman and Hall.* 7s. 6d.
He Sent Forth a Raven. By ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS. *Cape.* 7s. 6d.
Go Home Unicorn. By DONALD MACPHERSON. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.

Dead Centre, a novel about a school, is a picture of a concentration camp. At large in adult society the adolescent may be a misery to himself, an embarrassment to other people; corralled, as it becomes convenient that he should be (cutting out the dope about formative influences), he becomes "a case": his confusion gets pathological. Coffin-like lack of space inside a system, obstructed energy, and a steady deforming pressure to which masters and boys are alike subject, and that seems to originate nowhere, are the matter of Mr. Calder-Marshall's very brilliant book. It needs no villain: apathy spins the plot. Actually, there is little or no plot; the effect is static; action in it is more or less simultaneous; you read crossways rather than read on. *Dead Centre* is constructed from a number of monologues, overlapping like tiles, each three or four pages long, in which boys, masters and school servants speak. A few of the sections are narrative, furthering what plot there is; most are soliloquies. Each opens incisively, with the gusto of egotism. Legitimately, for Mr. Calder-Marshall's purpose, each speaker is, on his own plane and inside a likely idiom, pretty articulate.

Miss Canaan opens: "As matron of a large school, I've lots of girls under me, but I'm used to command. I saw two years' service as an officer in the Waacs. . . ." Mr. Burroughs (25 years): "This life is hell. I live at secondhand. I'm wasting my youth teaching others how to use theirs. . . ." Mr. Small (34 years): "Though I know many would say I am a hopeless idealist. . . ." Podmore (15 years 2 months): "I hate this school. It is wicked and immoral. . . ." Green (14 years, 3 months): "I did a good thing the other day. . . ." Hanley (17 years, 6 months): "I'm too old for school. My fingers itch for a job. . . ." Rose (13 years, 3 months): "When the food comes, they help themselves, taking all the butter and two or three slices of bread. . . ." And so on. The placing of every section, to get its own fullest significance as well as its psychological overlap with the next, is, clearly, very important. The most unlikely proximities have to be telling. If it did not come off, Mr. Calder-Marshall's construction would be no more than ingenious, and would obtrude. But it does come off: the sections articulate; he gets his full effect of crowded isolations. In no other book of his that I have read does Mr. Calder-Marshall's ability as a writer appear so plainly, though I think *About Levy* a better book—more progressive than *Dead Centre* and bending back less rigidly on experience. Mr. Calder-Marshall commands the speed and concreteness of good American writing, without the explosive idioms.

In so far as the book is a study of arrestedness and paralysis, one or two of the special cases and one or two bits of drama—notably the seduction of the maid Ada—seem to me out of place. In so far as it is a tract, or an attack, I feel that its application should be more general—there is a good deal here that could relate only to one or two particular public schools. The book would have more force if it gave more sense of alternatives; few of the boys portrayed, or self-portraying, appear to have it in them to do better anywhere else. The assumption that experience is crippling, that one cannot hope to slough it off, seems to me wrong. Is one to take it that they are born stunted—sired, mostly, by old Richburians? Richbury seems to have, like most schools, that frightening accepted quality—that you never truly leave it; age cannot deliver you. . . . Only the Pro and Mr. Jarrold give you any impression that there *is* anywhere else. . . . Still, *Dead Centre* remains a book it would be a pity to miss; at once detached and frantic, with enough purpose to save it from virtuosity.

Fool's Quarter Day is another study of claustrophobia—this time in a love affair. There is little that Mr. Marlow does not know about mental squalor or the ignoble undersides of feelings. His inert hero has a kind cousin, Angela, who as a mistress mothers him too much: he longs to sleep alone in a hotel, but cannot move out of her over-cosy flat. The heroic and strange young girl Leo offers him love and asks for a child by him, but his relations with Angela, and her oppressive pregnancy, have got him into a sort of slough: he muddles things with Leo, then misses her all his life. The book contains two more disagreeable female portraits. . . . The difficulty about cutting morals out of a book is that it leaves no point of departure for anybody's behaviour. Passages in this book are very good indeed; the whole has immense vitality and not a line is negligible. One cannot overlook Mr. Marlow's novels, though I, personally, cannot like them.

Miss Phyllis Bentley loves life; she says or implies she does at the beginning of almost every story in this collection, and really it is refreshing: to read her after Mr. Marlow is like going on the water wagon for days, then sitting down to a good north-country tea. At the opening of one of the stories someone talks about Freud, but this is not really her line of country at all, nor does she for a minute pretend it is. She is good-natured, natural and full of pity; she is not mawkish and she has a command of words. Her collection, *The Whole of the Story*, really does give the whole of every story: nothing is left in mid-air. Her short plots are very good; neither Hardy nor Maupassant would have sneezed at them. If you dislike so-called modern short stories read these, which are not.

Victory to the Vanquished is a novel to read when you want, above all things, to sit down and read a novel *qua* novel. It would be good in the spare-room if you wanted a visitor not to appear before lunch. It is the *ideès reçues* novel at its best; apparently dragging things up but leaving you back where you were, without what is called a nasty taste in your mouth. Iris, a divorced wife, a gallant girl with a touch of desperation about her, utterly on her own again now the lover she had married is dead, gets in touch by chance with her five-year-old daughter Cherry, a child starving for beauty and full of her mother's temperament, who has been left behind with Iris's ex-husband Duncan and his second wife Elsa, a smug pair who live in Knightsbridge. Elsa's sister Flavia is married to a brilliant barrister, Mervyn, an *âme damnée* person who, unhappily, drinks. He regrets having married Flavia because he loves her innocence and feels she is getting a poor deal. Emil Hecht, the lonely German publisher, also loves Flavia's "oddly bald forehead, round blue eyes with childishly dilated pupils, the comically stern mouth, the tiny neck. . . ." But she only loves Mervyn, and her big dog. At the end there is a development about Mervyn and Iris, who both feel pretty rotten. Another Iris once drove her car into a tree, and I think this book is not unlike *The Green Hat*—though its manner is quite different: curter, more wary and very much less exotic. There is the same sort of gallant desperation, which is a little wearing if you are not in the mood. It is very well done indeed: the writing is easy, vivid and quick with its own kind of feeling; not overtly sentimental. The dialogue is natural and good; the situations are not forced. One has to respect Miss Goolden's command of her powers; she has written, clearly, exactly the book she meant to write. Do not allow the column inside the wrapper to put you off.

Miss Elizabeth Madox Roberts has an inexorably mystical, loud stop, quasi-biblical style, which I cannot bear, though I understand that there are people who like it. Her style booms so loudly that it is impossible to make out what is going on in the book, or why, or what it is going to lead to. This is a pity, because the setting is good: an isolated Kentucky homestead. The time

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is the last war. Wolflick farm represents the Ark, I think, and there is the same congestion in its inside. The carpenter writes a book about the cosmos; the heroine, Jocelle, is raped by her cousin Walter on his way to the war, and her aunt Martha takes a darkling, exalted view of the occurrence. Normally, I like reading about Kentucky: without what its publishers call "its prophetic music" *He Sent Forth a Raven* might have been a nice book.

Go Home Unicorn is an excellent thriller, in which biology and the occult mix. I found it too frightening to finish late at night. The scene when a disembodied female head of unutterable malignancy, followed by a wisp of ectoplasm, trails down an upper-class Montreal dinner table between the candles is particularly good. And I got very fond of the unicorn, who embarrassed the intellectual débutante so much. Unless you are too nervous, certainly read this book. ELIZABETH BOWEN

BURNEY'S HISTORY

A General History of Music. By DR. CHARLES BURNEY. Edited by Frank Mercer. *Foulis.* 2 Vols. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Mercer is to be congratulated on having produced the first reprint since the eighteenth century of a most important and delightful work. Dr. Burney was himself a composer, but not a composer of interest. He was, however, a scholar of music and a critic of genius, a combination sufficiently rare to-day, as anybody who takes the trouble to read three reviews of the same concert in which the singer's intonation is frequently spoken of as respectively "impeccable," "sharp" or "flat," will agree.

Unfortunately Mr. Mercer is an even worse corrector of proofs than Proust. His footnotes, appendices and index contribute matter of importance, but they are all befouled with misprints, which would surely have irritated Dr. Burney, particularly as they disfigure at least one out of ten of his own pages. Apart from that he has done his editorial work very well.

Dr. Burney is now generally known, if at all, as the father of Mme. d'Arblay, the authoress of *Evelina*, but a tribute which she herself records is worth reprinting, since there can be few people of whom Dr. Johnson spoke in any words so affectionate as the following: "Dr. Burney is a man for all the world to love: it is but natural to love him."

No conscientious reader of the two thousand or so pages of these volumes can dissent from this testimony. The first 400 pages deal with "the Music of the Ancients" and they make pretty stiff and unrewarding reading, but Burney himself acknowledges a few hundred pages later that an earlier "discourse upon the Music of the ancients." . . . "discovers the author's great reading, but conveys little other information. Indeed, the parade of having studied the Music of the ancients is always more likely to gratify the vanity of a superficial Dilettante than augment the useful science of an able professor."

The second half of the first volume of this edition is mainly remarkable for Burney's tribute to the achievement of Josquin des Prés, a composer who is as yet comparatively unknown in this country, although his works will doubtless very soon become the subject of a monograph by one or other of our younger writers who believe that familiarity with Burney can disguise a total ignorance of musical technique.

Of later composers Burney pays especial tribute to Purcell and Handel, as is only natural, but what he has to say of them and their works is less interesting to us, perhaps, than a few of his remarks on other subjects, which happened to come his way. "Singers of nearly equal abilities, though of different kinds, regard one another with horror; reciprocally imagining that all the applause gained by their colleague is at their own expence." His fondness for opera at one moment upsets his editor, for where Burney says "And as all music in parts seems, for many ages after the first attempts at counterpoint, to have been composed for the service of religion upon Canto Fermo and its principles, it likewise accounts for the long infancy and childhood of the art, till it broke loose from the trammels of the church, and mounted the stage as a secular amusement," Mr. Mercer's comment is: "It would be difficult to find anyone, even the most devoted admirer of operatic music, to agree with this opinion." The present reviewer must admit that, as a devoted admirer of the opera, he whole-heartedly agrees with an opinion which Dr. Burney himself was evidently voicing with his tongue in his cheek; if the editor had read with understanding the many interesting pages which the author has given to the subject of Palestrina and his works, he could scarcely have written such an unintelligent note.

But Dr. Burney must have the last word, and as a judgment on modern English musical critics it cannot be bettered: "Some of the wisest men, and of the greatest talents, in other particulars, I am sorry to say it, have not had ear enough for music to discover the difference, not only between good and bad music, but between one tune and another. And yet these great and wise men, in other particulars think themselves qualified to write, talk, and decide, about music, in a more peremptory manner, than those of the greatest feeling and genius, who have long made it their particular study. Poor human nature is never to be perfect: however the musician pities the man without ears; and the man without ears, in revenge, heartily condemns the fiddling fool, who can be delighted with such nonsense." WILLIAM KING

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be wise enough to benefit from it; and in this he has been ably assisted by his publisher.

The first part of the book is entitled "The Natural History of Everyman," and contains a highly condensed account of the anatomy and physiology of the chief "systems" of the body. It is very well done, and might, with profit to the reader, have been expanded at the expense of that part of the book dealing with disease. It is disappointing, for example, to find that the physiology of the ductless glands, which play such an important part in the natural history of everyman, is only briefly considered in connection with the disease of these organs, in the fourth part of the book. One would also like to have seen a fuller account of the formation of the blood cells: in the excellent index the word "bone-marrow" does not appear.

"Everyman in Health" is the title given to part two, which includes sections on heredity and environment, food and digestion, exercise and health, the townsman, and the house. The third part of the book is devoted to the stages of human life—from childhood to old age. The chapters on sex and marriage and on birth control are well and sanely written. There is, perhaps, too much space given to infant feeding, but one cannot praise too highly the twenty odd pages under "Parenthood." This might well be reprinted as a separate pamphlet and distributed free to all parents, for, as the writer of this section says, "it is through bad parentship that a great many of the evils of existence are handed from one generation to the next, and through good parentship more than anything else, that the foundations of happiness are laid."

This third part of the book contains so many good things that it is a pity they have been diluted by the section on "Middle Age," a period, for the writer of this section, of fasting and purging. "In comparison," he says "with the coarse crime of constipation, a pill is a peccadillo." According to him middle age is beset with the danger of waste products, and "a good many of these dangerous waste products are, as already explained, rendered harmless by being burned up in the muscles." In any case it will give the middle-aged something to think about.

The fourth part of Dr. Roberts's book—nearly half the volume—is concerned with "Everyman in Sickness." It may be true it were better no one talked about disease for fear lest he should talk himself into it. But granted that everyman has a sneaking interest in the morbid, it is better for him to have access to a straightforward objective account of what disease is, rather than that he should rely upon hearsay and the daily paper. The sick person (potential or actual) will also help his doctor if he has some idea of what the doctor's difficulties are and of what is his aim in treatment. I am certain that the intelligent layman does not like being kept in the dark by his physician; he objects to the air of mystery that goes with the illegibly written latinised prescription. It is, therefore, a good thing for the doctor to come into the open—as Dr. Roberts has—and to put his cards on the table. Those who like a little deception will always find someone to give it them. Those who don't can always turn over the pages of *Everyman in Health and in Sickness*.

Dr. Roberts has, however, tried to include too much, to refer to too many diseases. His purpose would have been better served if he had stuck to the common ailments. And he should have used the blue pencil more ruthlessly, and so have avoided much unnecessary repetition. The subject of chorea and tics, for example, is given a paragraph under "Diseases of Children" and also under "Diseases of the Nervous System." On page 594 epilepsy is defined as a "serious form of neurosis," and on page 586 as a "condition in which there are sudden and recurring disturbances of the function of the brain"—which may be set in train by a number of physical states. The matter I think should have been made clearer for the reader. I do not believe than an orthopaedic surgeon would approve of the method given for transporting patients with fracture of the spine. An enthusiast has evidently written the chapter on "Light Rays in Medicine." But really it is ungrateful to grumble, for to keep in order the number of contributors who must have gone to the making of this book can have been no easy task—and the result is one of which Dr. Roberts may well be proud.

H. A. CLEGG

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Official History of the War, Military Operations Macedonia, Vol. 2. By CYRIL FALLS. *H.M. Stationery Office*. 12s. 6d. (Case of maps, 5s. 6d.)

Tome VIII of "Les Armées Françaises dans la grande Guerre" will, when finished, be the standard work on the Balkan front; but any student who seeks a clearly expressed and fairly stated account of the final Macedonian campaign should obtain the War Office history. Readers of Captain Cyril Falls' first volume will have been looking forward to the promised description of the Greco-Turkish campaign in Anatolia; they will be disappointed; it has been left for a future volume of post-Armistice operations. This being the case, all the interest of the book lies in the account of the allied offensive of September, 1918. The victory with which this offensive opened would perhaps have been impossible if Serb troops had not been employed, but General Franchet d'Esperay not only knew how to exploit the magnificent ferocity of his allies, but also how the "difficult" mountainous nature of the terrain might be turned to the disadvantage of the defenders. The allied plan of attack was based on the maxims of Bourcet; the whole essence of the offensive strategy is expressed on page 195 of the War Office history thus:

> . . . the danger of the pocket is very much slighter in mountainous country than in plains. The great experts in mountain warfare, such as Bourcet, have shown that the time factor here favours the attacker, so much so that, despite appearances, the offensive has advantage over the defensive. The attacker has already chosen a direction conforming to the general run of the communications. The defender, obliged to split up his formations and keep them closed up to the front, can seldom collect within the necessary limits of time forces sufficient for a powerful counter-offensive at the most suitable point.

The practical demonstration of this principle by the allies in the Balkans was sufficiently dramatic; within ten days of the opening of the attack Bulgaria sent envoys to ask for an armistice; thereafter the entire Balkan front caved in, Rumania re-entered the war, the Serbs, reinforced by their own nationals, began an invasion of Hungary, while all the Slavs of the Austrian Empire rose to join them. It is, however, doubtful whether further advance would have been possible. The Supreme War Council (always the best friend of the Central Powers), acting on the advice of Foch, decided to call a halt to an offensive which threatened to outshine the advance in the West; nine weeks' grace

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was to be given during which the defeated enemy might rally and a monster offensive be prepared in Italy with Innsbruck as its objective. These plans were rendered useless by the internal collapse of Germany. It only remained to deny the armies of Macedonia any share in the triumphal celebrations of 1919, so this was done.

Map A uses a different spelling to that in the text. The Tcherna or Crna becomes Tsrna on Map I.

QUENTIN BELL

EMPERORS, HEROES, SAINTS

Augustus. By GÜNTHER BIRKENFELD. Translated by WINIFRED RAY. *Constable.* 7s. 6d.

Magnificent Hadrian. By SULAMITH ISH-KISHOR. *Gollancz.* 10s. 6d.

Mirabeau. By EVARTS S. SCUDDER. *Barker.* 10s.

Edmund Campion. By EVELYN WAUGH. *Longmans.* 6s.

In an age of pseudo-Caesars it is inevitable that the attention of our modern historical novelists should be attracted towards the great Imperial figures of the Roman past. Mr. Jack Lindsay has set to work on Julius Caesar and has composed a vivid supplementary portrait of his early associate, Catiline; while Mr. Robert Graves has given us a memorable study of the stuttering Emperor Claudius, which includes a lively picture of the Emperor Augustus and his wife. Neither Herr Birkenfeld nor Mr. Ish-Kishor can compare with the versatile and idiosyncratic author of *Claudius the God*; but each of them has written a serious and, in some ways, an extremely interesting book. *Augustus*, however, is a little wooden. That Augustus was a great man is sufficiently clear; whether he was an amiable or attractive personage seems somewhat more doubtful. For Herr Birkenfeld, nevertheless, Augustus begins life as the very epitome of juvenile charm, physically weak but gifted with immense courage, which made him the darling of his troops and stood him in good stead during the years of anarchy and civil war that preceded his accession. "Slim, graceful," his bare head shining "like pale gold," the sunlight mirrored on his burnished armour, Octavius strides forward to victory, silhouetted in dramatic relief against the "gleaming purple" of the Roman standards; whereas Antony gets more than his fair share of the writer's abuse. He is greedy, oily, stupid, gross and selfish—the predestined prey of an heroic young dictator.

Augustus is romantic fiction draped round a carefully constructed historical framework; but Mr. Ish-Kishor, though he starts out with a number of historical characters, makes use of their careers as they were recorded by historians of the time for the purpose of an intensive psychological inquiry. His subject is the enlightened Emperor Hadrian; but Hadrian the administrator is subordinate to Hadrian the lover; and two-thirds of the book are devoted to his passage with Antinous, the beautiful Bithynian slave boy, whose ripe Hellenistic features—the large though delicately modelled nose, pouting lips and heavy Hyacinthine hair—provided a hint for so much indifferent Graeco-Roman statuary. Mr. Ish-Kishor is fascinated by the idea of Rome, the magnificence and complexity of the Roman world, the elegance of its pursuits, the splendour and ostentation of its cities, the semi-deified state in which its emperors chose to live; but still more engrossing does he find the problems suggested by this passionate yet idealistic relationship between the middle-aged man and the obscure provincial page, who after his death was raised to the hierarchy of the Olympian gods. *Magnificent Hadrian* might be described as a homosexual novel on a Roman theme. Hadrian may well have idolised Antinous; but, since the book professes to deal with Hadrian—a busy, capable and successful man—the importance of his affair with Antinous seems a trifle over-emphasised. Towards the end, Antinous and Hadrian—were their relations, one feels inclined to query, quite so fine-drawn and indirect?—occupy the entire stage; and the style of the book becomes exalted, diffuse and mawkish. It is a pity; for, prior to the youth's appearance, the narrative is remarkably brisk and straightforward.

Magnificent Hadrian will shock some and annoy others. In the second category there will be many critics who protest that the facts of history are always more interesting than imaginative reconstruction, and that Mr. Ish-Kishor, having, unlike most historical novelists, a real sense of the past—as distinct from an appetite for the picturesque—might have employed his gifts to solider advantage. But, whatever its drawbacks, *Magnificent Hadrian* is uncommonly readable. . . . Very readable, too, though in a very different and, possibly, less indefensible manner, is Mr. Evarts Scudder's work on one of the early heroes of the French Revolution—a movement in which many of the chief actors delighted to see themselves in a Graeco-Roman pose. But *Mirabeau*, thank Heavens, had none of the irreproachable inhumanity of a Robespierre or a Saint-Just. He was very human—human, indeed, on an almost titanic scale. Prodigious in energy and eloquence, he was prodigiously ugly, prodigiously dissipated and—at any rate, during the opening stages of his career—prodigiously untruthful. Moreover, he possessed extraordinary charm. . . . From such a life it would have been easy enough to extract the materials of a popular historical romance; but Mr. Scudder has nobly spurned the temptation. *Mirabeau* is plain unvarnished biography—all the better for being simple, clear and concise.

Edmund Campion far outshines its neighbours. Carried away by the popularity of his recent novels, we are apt to forget that Mr. Evelyn Waugh once produced a distinguished volume on Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and that, like all good writers, he is many-sided. In *Edmund Campion* he turns Catholic apologist. But it is not necessary to be a Catholic to enjoy the qualities of his intelligence as they appear in his dry, witty, well-modulated yet exceedingly effective—and, at times, exceedingly destructive—prose style. The Catholic point of view underlies every paragraph. There are sentences, it is true—as on page 65 where, having previously described Pope Pius V as a saint of the first order, he remarks blithely that, under Pius, "a drove of harlots" had been "turned loose on the campagna to be massacred by bandits"—which may put the reader's sympathy to a severe strain, and may cause him to wonder at the surprising effects of faith. Yet the book is so well written and so full of life that we accept the bias as an incidental part of the author's narrative.

Certainly Campion himself emerges as a gallant figure. Having distinguished himself before the Queen when she visited Oxford and secured the patronage of Leicester, the royal favourite, the young man might have counted on a brilliant worldly destiny. But religious doubts and scruples soon invaded his mind. He left Oxford, left England, and, via Dublin, where he began *The History of Ireland* from which Mr. Waugh has extracted several delightful pages, found his way to the loneliness and privation of

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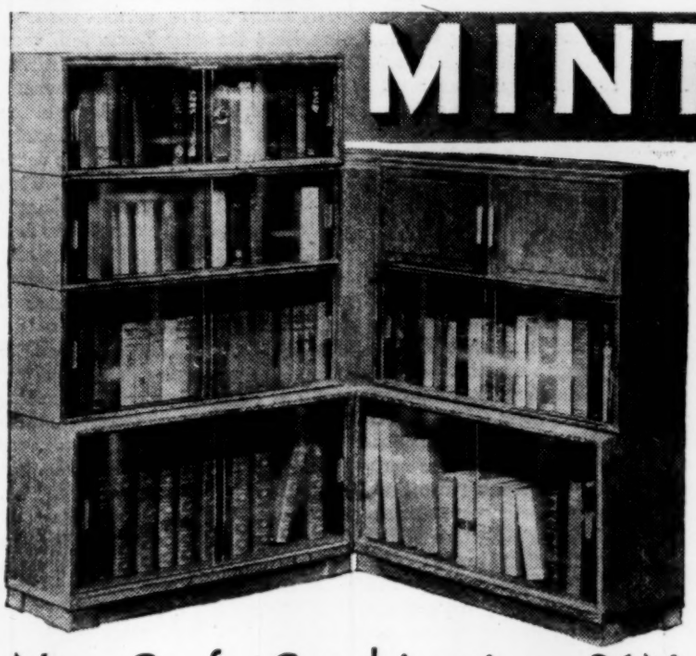

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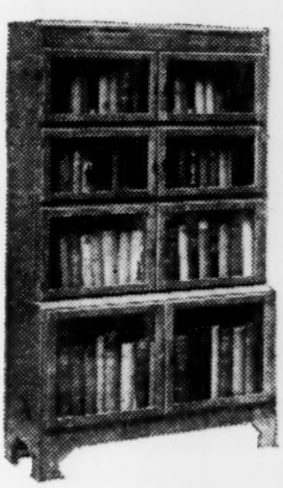

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religious exile in Douai, Prague and Rome. His biographer makes the most of the dispassionate fortitude with which Campion embraced a career that could only end in the rackings, hanging and disembowelment that were reserved by every religious sect of the period—including, of course, the Catholic—for believers bold and misguided enough to dispute its doctrinal claims. He died, as he had meant to die, at Tyburn. . . . Mr. Waugh has drawn a brilliant and convincing portrait of his hero; but he has also embellished his narrative with a variety of vivacious minor portraits, some eulogistic, some satirical, all sharply designed. Here and there, we notice the influence of Lytton Strachey; otherwise, Mr. Waugh's method is entirely his own.

PETER QUENNELL

SHORTER NOTICES

A Key to the Countryside—Plant Life. By MARCUS WOODWARD. *Blackie.* 5s.

The World of Nature. By H. C. KNAPP-FISHER. *Gollancz.* 6s.

In Plant Life Mr. Woodward ambles leisurely through the countryside, his chapters following the sequence of the months. The author sips the honey from the various flowers that interest him, and embellishes his text with a wide range of quotations in prose and verse. An excellent bedside book.

Mr. Knapp-Fisher's volume is more ambitious. It introduces the reader to the science of biology through the media of the plant and animal life which can be observed around our own countryside and seashore. The animal life includes man, and it is interesting to know that an average human body contains enough carbon for 12,000 lead pencils, and enough iron for a packet of tin tacks. This book is a mine of information, served up in palatable form.

British Insect Life. By EDWARD STEP. *Werner Laurie.* 7s. 6d.

A Flower Book for the Pocket. By MACGREGOR SKENE. *Oxford University Press.* 7s. 6d.

Mr. Step's excellent little book should appeal to both gardener and naturalist. Although the opening chapters deal with butterflies and moths, nearly three-quarters of his pages are devoted to the humbler strata of the insect world. The life-history of the Aphis will interest every rose-grower, and there is information for the poultry farmer about the parasites that infest his birds. Who knows that the primrose is fertilised only by a fly, whose larva preys on bumble-bee grubs, or that the ladybird is a beetle, whose bright spots warn its enemies to refrain from an unpleasant and indigestible morsel? The book is well written and well illustrated, and the inclusion of classification and Latin names will meet with the approval of scientific readers.

Professor Skene modestly describes as a pocket-book a volume of nearly four hundred pages, which provides the means of identifying every wayside flower. Prefaced by an introduction to botany, the bulk of the book consists of a concise description of each plant. The arrangement is practical and convenient, a coloured illustration facing the corresponding text in every case. The book, although it requires a capacious pocket, should be a boon to ramblers who wish to know something about their surroundings.

Rebecca Gratz: A Study in Charm. By ROLLIN G. OSTERWEIS. *Putnam.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Osterweis's study of Rebecca Gratz—said to have been the original of Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*—is of that disconcerting variety in which the methods of the novelist are used so freely in describing incidents and reporting conversations that it is difficult to disentangle the documented fact from the imaginative deduction. The story goes that when visiting Scott, at Abbotsford, Washington Irving referred to Rebecca Gratz, of whom he was a great admirer, with such enthusiasm that Scott was so struck by the description of the beautiful and gentle Philadelphian Jewess that he determined then and there to bring her into the novel upon which he was working. Judging from this study the tradition has probability in its support, for so far as a portrait does emerge it bears a strong resemblance to that of the Jewish heroine of Scott's romance and Thackeray's shrewdly critical burlesque. Incidentally the book gives us some interesting glimpses of American society when the Republic was young and Philadelphia the capital.

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GRAMOPHONE NOTES

SEPTEMBER 1st is the record-collector's New Year's Day, and this one brings a bewildering variety of works that call for attention. To take the orchestral side first, H.M.V. offer two bumper recordings in the form of Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Scheherazade Suite* and Strauss' *Tod und Verklärung*, both played by the Philadelphia Orchestra under Stokowski (H.M.V. DB2522–7, and DB2324–6). Of these well-known melodramas, the first is no doubt the more popular, but if it is a magnificent recording, the Strauss is an absolutely stunning one; the *fortissimi* are wonderfully clear and brilliant, and the first section has all the sinister, empty fear expressed by the music. In spite of the vulgarity of the Transfiguration motif and the too obvious debt to Mahler's Second Symphony, this remains one of Strauss's best works in its genre. Another work of great popularity, Brahms' *Variations on a Theme by Haydn*, has not been recorded for a long time; the new version, by the Queen's Hall Orchestra under Sir Henry Wood (Decca K763–4), is excellent in every way. I advise everyone to refresh themselves anew with the energy and melodic vitality of this delightful piece. Of Mozart's *Piano Concerto in A* (K414) I cannot speak quite so highly. The performance, by Kathleen Long and the Boyd Neel Orchestra (Decca K772–4), is irreproachably neat and discreet, but the concerto itself is not among Mozart's most interesting. A single record which, I feel, may be in danger of being overlooked, is the overture to Gluck's *Alceste*, of which the Concertgebouw Orchestra, under Mengelberg, give a remarkably fine, grave rendering (Decca K771). This classical expression of grief shows Gluck at his incomparable best. Passing from the sublime to the (almost) ridiculous, I cannot find much to say for Milhaud's *Concertino de Printemps*, played by Yvonne Astruc (violin) and orchestra, under the composer's baton. This is restless, scratchy music, written in the style which painters call "pointilliste"; it is unsuccessful and pointless, though the soloist performs her acrobatics very well.

Chamber music is even more interestingly represented this month than orchestral. To begin with, I recommend to everyone the Léner Quartet's rendering of Beethoven's *String Quartet in C minor* (Op. 18, No. 4) (Col. LX397–9). The more one listens to the early works of Beethoven the more one is struck by their astonishing originality; the superficial resemblance to Haydn (*never* to Mozart) soon disappears under that mysterious shade of passionate gravity which distinguishes the later Beethoven, even at his gayest. This quartet is a most subtle, odd work, with its curious fugal scherzo. The performance is good, though Léner's tendency to play a perpetual solo inevitably spoils the balance of the playing. It is pleasant to be able at last to hail a really satisfactory rendering of the *Kreutzer Sonata*, about which I made some complaints a month or so ago, à propos of Menuhin's rendering. This recording, by Georg Kulenkampff (violin) and Wilhelm Kempff (Decca, CA8207–10), is admirable. The players perform the first movement with exactly the right amount of restrained ferocity and bring out to the full the sinister sweetness of the Variations. Some people will no doubt prefer to wait for Kreisler's version of this sonata, which will be produced in due course by the newly formed Beethoven Violin Sonata Society; but I think they will be making a mistake.

Bela Bartok's *First String Quartet* (Op. 7), played by the Pro Arte Quartet (H.M.V. DB2379–82), deserves a short paragraph to itself. Let me say at once that this work is only for those who are prepared to do some hard musical thinking; but those who will take this trouble will find it immensely worth their while. This quartet belongs to the same period as Bartok's beautiful opera, *Bluebeard's Castle*: it is contrapuntal, harsh, spare; it has the mediaeval, "inward" quality of the slow movement of Beethoven's *A Minor Quartet* (Op. 132.). But though it is as angular and uncompromising as a page of Saint Thomas Aquinas, it is never ugly or gratuitous. Those who are ready to think themselves into another musical climate than the one in which they are accustomed to move will be astonished by the austere beauty and originality of this work, which I have no hesitation in placing among the very few great quartets of modern times. The performance of the Pro Arte quartet is as near perfection as may be. Their artistry is wonderful, their balance and sonority amazing. In some passages of this work the playing surpasses anything I have ever heard in its kind.

Collectors of piano records should not miss Edwin Fischer's rendering of Handel's *Suite in D minor* (H.M.V. DB2378). This delightful music is more than safe in the hands of the player who has, I think, a more beautiful touch than any other living pianist.

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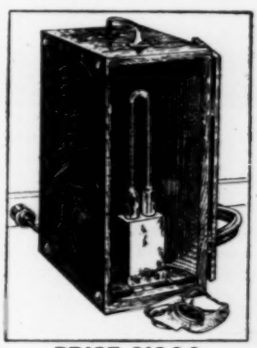

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On the other hand, Harriet Cohen's playing of Bach's *C minor Fantasia* and the *Aria*, "*Be contented, O my Soul*" (arr. Cohen) (Col. LX400) seems to me a mistake. Miss Cohen is an excellent pianist in many ways, but her playing is much too "pretty" for Bach: she has not the necessary massiveness and weight. Thus her playing of the *Fantasia* makes it sound more like Grieg's *Holberg Suite* than Bach. The harmonisation of the *Aria*, too, seemed to me suspiciously anachronistic. I wonder how long Kreisler's *Praeludium and Allegro* will continue to be popular, now that everyone knows it is not by Pugnani. The outcome will be an interesting study in artistic snobbery. Will the famous piece gradually disappear, as a Victorian lady was "cut" when it became known that her mother was an actress or her father a draper? At all events the present version, by Guila Bustabo (Col. LX401), is quite acceptable. This violinist has a sure technique and the approved Kreisler cello tone; but not even these can "put across" the horrible sugariness of Mendelssohn's *On Wings of Song*, which is presented on the obverse.

Before leaving the subject of chamber music I should like to call the attention of readers to a new series of records which are being put out by the E.M.G. company. This series, which goes by the name of the "Treasury of Music," is not a subscription society, and the records are for sale at the E.M.G. shop (11 Grape Street, W.C.2) in the ordinary way. The records (of which twelve are already on sale) will be devoted to interesting but little-known works of all dates and kinds. Those already produced include a *Trio-Sonata in G* for flute, violin and basso continuo, and a *Sonata in D minor* for two violins, viola da gamba and harpsichord—both by Bach; four pieces for voice and strings by P. H. Erlebach (1657–1714); a *Quartet in B minor* for violin, flute, viola da gamba and harpsichord, by Telemann; a fragment of an unfinished *Trio in B flat* by Schubert; and three songs of Schumann. Musically the most interesting of these are the two sonatas of Bach and the Erlebach songs (especially the third, "Nur getrost"); but all are worth possessing, with the possible exception of the Schumann songs, which are poor examples of that composer's art, and are, moreover, most unnecessarily prefaced by a paraphrase of the words spoken in French (!) by an arch female voice. The performances are excellent.

I have one vocal record to recommend this month. It is "Reich mir die Hand" from *Don Giovanni*, and "Bei Männern" from *The Magic Flute*, sung by Margherita Perras and Gerhard Hüsch, accompanied by the Berlin Opera Orchestra (H.M.V. DA4408)—admirable interpretations of two famous duets.

The dance records offer rather better fare than usual. For dancing I recommend *Smooth Sailing* and *Louisiana Fairy Tale*, by Maurice Winnick and orchestra (Decca F5620), and *According to the Moonlight* and *It's an Old Southern Custom*, by Eddie Duchin and orchestra (H.M.V. BD199). For listeners, *Would There be Love?* and *Ninon*, by Guy Lombardo and orchestra (Brunswick, RL265), are quite particularly good, in a softly swooning manner, as is also *You're All I Need*, by Roy Fox and orchestra (Decca F5658). *Way Back Home* by Ambrose (Decca F5609) has a catchy tune and amusing words; while "Roberta" fans will want to acquire *Lovely to Look at* and *I Won't Dance*, by Ambrose (Decca F5644), and a *Roberta Selection*, by the West Enders (Col. DX702)—the best of the many versions of these tunes which I have heard.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

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Week-end Competitions

No. 289

Set by E. S. P. Haynes

We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best parody of Baedeker describing the different sights and departments of the next world. Entries must not be more than 400 words in length.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, October 4th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 287

Set by Flora Grierson

Bans are the vogue to-day, tolerance is discredited. In Germany Jews are forbidden at seaside resorts; in England "coloured persons" may not disport themselves in public bathing-pools. But this delightful new game has not yet been exploited nearly as thoroughly as it could be. I feel that social relations could be made far more diversified, daring, and amusing if the system of banning were to be developed. We offer our usual prizes (two guineas, and half a guinea) for six suggested bans to be put by any nation or community on any other nation, race, or skin, with reasons calculated to appeal to the official mind. The bans should be appropriate to the persons on whom they are imposed, so that they may lead to the usual complications, and provide the public with plenty of victims whom they may legally and righteously bait. Thus it would be no use banning Jews from the country-life because they degraded nature's purity, since Jews are notoriously town-lovers; but Europeans might be banned from the night-clubs of Liberia, because their naked appearance and strong smell shocked the susceptibilities of the fathers of young Liberian girls.

Report by Flora Grierson

I could name several papers in this country to which my competition would have been better suited than THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION. Readers of this paper do not seem to be very practised in thinking nationally, so to speak, with the result that, out of nineteen competitors, six missed the point altogether and sent me bans which, while amusing, had nothing to do with "nation, race, or skin"; and seven were naturally so tolerant that their bans, though technically admissible, lacked conviction.

That left six possibilities, among which it was not easy to choose. My personal favourite was H. C. Riddell, but his fourth ban was purely religious, which knocked him out. He must be content with a "highly recommended." Mr. Naisby's suggestions were amusing, especially the first, which is unfortunately too long for quotation. G. R. de C. Stewart provided a useful batch, especially the ban upon the Welsh, with a proviso that "all Welshmen residing or travelling outside the principality to wear a label or other emblem bearing the words "Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief." This would have provided

London Amusements

MATINEES

All at 2.30 p.m. unless otherwise stated.

ALDWYCH. The Dominant Sex. W., Sat.

ALHAMBRA. Tulip Time. Wed. & Sat.

COLISEUM. BALLET Season. W., Th., Sat.

DRURY LANE. Glamorous Night. W. & S.

DUCHESS. Night Must Fall. Wed., Sat.

GAIETY. Ballets Jooss. Sat., 2.45.

GLOBE. Accent on Youth. Wed., Sat.

LYRIC. Tovarich. Wed., Thurs.

PHOENIX. The Unguarded Hour. Thurs., Sat.

QUEEN'S. Wind & the Rain. Wed. & Sat.

S.MARTIN'S. The Two Mrs. Carrolls. Tu., F.

STRAND. 1066 and All That. Tu. & Thurs.

VICTORIA PALACE. Vintage Wine. W. & S.

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NIGHT MUST FALL
MAY WHITTY ANGELA BADDELEY

GLOBE. (Ger. 1592). Evgs. 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
Samson Raphaelson's Comedy,
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Nicholas Hannen, Greer Garson, Mary Glynne.

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CEDRIC HARDWICKE, EUGENIE LEONTOVICH.

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irascible patriots with quite a lot of quiet and commendable fun. Guy Innes was beautifully brief and apposite. His best suggestions were:

Germany to ban Zionism because Hitler disapproves of trial by Jewry.

Palestine to ban Nazism because it is all sound and Führer, signifying nothing.

But do puns really appeal to the official mind? They don't to me.

On the whole, I think the most authentic ring is to be found in the bans of Hugh Shearman and Allan M. Laing, in that order. They suggest bans which countries really might impose without being, or being thought, any madder than they are at present; and both have caught just the note of silly superiority which goes down so well with a certain type of mind.

FIRST PRIZE
BANS

(1) By order of the Leader all coloured persons are forbidden to enter Spitzbergen because the known habitual tendency of these persons to go naked at all seasons of the year is outrageously offensive to the inherent virtue and modesty of all children of the Spitzbergian Fatherland.

(2) Since the white persons known as clergymen are known to live in grievous sin at all times, openly and profanely blaspheming the Holy Name of Our Lord, eating the flesh of animals, gorging their carnal appetites with food and drink and often keeping wives, they are hereafter forbidden to approach within a hundred yards of any religious house or girls' school throughout the land of Burma.

(3) By order of the Minister of Home Affairs for Northern Ireland no West Africans may enter the Province without police permits as the beating of tomtoms by these persons constitutes a breach of the peace and causes interference with the legitimate activities of Orange drumming parties.

(4) No white person may own landed property in Rhodesia because white persons are habitual liars and incurable thieves and are excessively lazy and totally unable to appreciate the dignity of labour.

(5) Chinese Association of Restaurant Proprietors regrets inability to continue serving white foreigners as use of knives, spoons and forks at meals and foreign way of eating very offensive, disgusting and beastly to honourable, respected and distinguished patrons.

(6) Any European person who holds a gun licence in any European country may not reside in the United States of America for a period exceeding two months in any one year and must report himself or herself once a week at a police station. This regulation is made because the use of firearms is un-American and utterly repugnant to the peaceful American national spirit. It is also an example of the national policy of preventive neutrality towards the barbarous international brawling of Europeans applied consistently to their uncivilised behaviour in the more personal relations of life. HUGH SHEARMAN

SECOND PRIZE
THIS WORLD!

Under a new Dutch shipping law, Italians will no longer be carried in Dutch liners as first-class passengers, the authorities holding that the consumption of garlic and the indulgence in florid national salutes are evidences of race degeneracy, offensive to peoples of higher culture.

It is rumoured that the British Union of Fascists is banning the employment of Chinese laundrymen, since there is something abhorrent to the human soul (the Union thinks) in wearing underclothes which have been handled intimately by an inferior race. The Union is to recommend the displaced laundrymen to try boot-blacking.

Foreigners found not chewing gum have been refused admission to places of amusement by several dance-hall proprietors in New York recently. The latter resent the foreign abstention as a gesture of disrespect to a great national custom, the United States being the greatest gum-chewing community in the world.

The Jewish community in Palestine has unanimously agreed to ban, in future, the election of Englishmen to its clubs. The amazing reason given for this drastic step is that English notions of cleanliness and the sanctity of business contracts are not up to Jewish standards. Both allegations, it is alleged, are admitted in the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw.*

Europeans over five feet six tall are now being excluded from Japanese brothels on the ground that more than average height imposes a spurious inferiority complex on Japanese nationals. This ban is said to be the result of a compromise, the patriotic party having wished to exclude such persons from Japan altogether.

Turkish damsels, it seems, have now been strictly forbidden to dance with French military officers. This is the latest development of the "Virile Nation" movement. French officers, it is maintained, with their too-smart uniforms and their wasp-waists, are typical of the effeminacy of the modern age, and the patriotic Turkish maiden must seek more manly forms round which to place her plump and loyal arms.

* See *Man and Superman*: "... every Jew considers in his heart that English people are dirty in their habits"; and *The Doctor's Dilemma*, Act 2, Schutzmacher's speech on the borrowing Englishman (p. 522, Complete Plays).

HIGHLY RECOMMENDED

I suggest the following bans:

(1) No English person to be allowed in a public lavatory on the Continent, because of the rudeness of the English about foreign sanitation.

(2) No foreigner to enter any country unless dressed in the traditional costume of his own country or tribe—this costume to be defined by the visited country.

(3) Germans not to be allowed to go in gondolas in Venice, because they don't think sufficiently highly of Italian music.

(4) Persons unable to repeat a few well-known prayers should be forbidden to enter a Christian church. (This would provide employment for a lot of "Official Hearers.")

(5) No English person with a title should be allowed on the French Riviera, Italian Riviera, etc., because it makes it so difficult for the local nobility to keep up the idea.

(6) No American to be allowed in an Art Gallery abroad: I think Americans would appreciate this greatly. H. C. RIDDELL

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 144.—FROM MACBETH TO CALIBAN

One of our earliest and most esteemed solvers—"Macbeth" (Berkhamsted)—has honoured me with the following communication. It will interest other solvers to interpret it:

CALIBAN:

V H L V L Y B W F Z Z N A A A
H L X Q Y U Q U C A T P R P T
T V T O Y X I Y O Z O H T P C
W C L R O S.

PROBLEM 142.—SANS PUTT ET SANS APPROACH

There are 17 ways in which the five "holes won" can be distributed among four competitors:

	Competitor				Net Win or Loss			
	1	2	3	4	1	2	3	4
A	5	0	0	0	+45	−15	−15	−15
B	4	1	0	0	+29	− 7	−11	−11
C	31	1	0	0	+20	− 4	− 8	− 8
D	22	1	0	0	+17	− 3	− 7	− 7
E	3	2	0	0	+15	+ 3	− 9	− 9
F	3	11	0	0	+16	—	− 8	− 8
G	21	2	0	0	+ 9	+ 5	− 7	− 7
H	21	11	0	0	+10	+ 2	− 6	− 6
I	111	11	0	0	+ 7	+ 3	− 5	− 5
K	3	1	1	0	+16	− 4	− 4	− 8
L	21	1	1	0	+10	− 2	− 2	− 6
M	111	1	1	0	+ 7	− 1	− 1	− 5
N	2	2	1	0	+ 5	+ 5	− 3	− 7
O	2	11	1	0	+ 6	+ 2	− 2	− 6
P	11	11	1	0	+ 3	+ 3	− 1	− 5
Q	2	1	1	1	+ 6	− 2	− 2	− 2
R	11	1	1	1	+ 3	− 1	− 1	− 1

Now the distributions of the five "holes won" were different in all six matches. Hence we have to select six distributions which give Baffy a net win or loss of the same amount, and an average win of £1. These can only be distributions D, E, I, N, P, R.

It follows that Cleek, whose only success is one hole under distribution R, loses £7, £9, £5, £7, £5, £1, i.e., £34 in all.

PROBLEM 141.—FISHY.

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: Lt.-Cdr. J. FitzGibbon, 200 Holland Road, W.14.

Six points are awarded.

This not-too-simple problem produced 115 correct solutions.

PROBLEM 142.—TEDDY BEARS

I must break the news to solvers (some of whom are perhaps worrying unnecessarily) that this problem has no unique solution. I hope no one will write and tell me that such things ought not to happen. Every problem is worked over by several "experts" before getting itself into print, but—*quis custodiet custodes?*

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

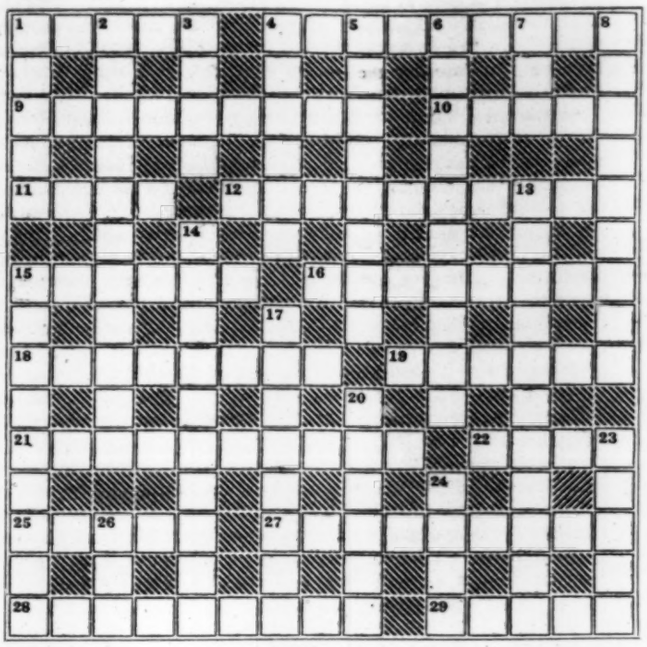
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 290

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Mrs. Ard, Balahaigh, Etchingham, Sussex

ACROSS

1. We got put in a returned lot.
4. This one is walked not at sea but at 6.
9. He gets away with it.
10. This notepaper is not restricted to the Windsor family.
11. A friend gets round me.
12. Describes the Continental rule of the road.
15. Visionary objects.
16. He projected a flat earth.
18. Hardworked jurymen often are for years.
19. Frequently precede excursions.
21. Bumpy sort of decline.
22. It sounds as if an Italian river has gone down.
25. Same as 8.
27. Turn a vine into glass.
28. No doubt intended to be better than cure.
29. It seems that the first lady has been canonised.

DOWN

1. Sea Rover or professional hiker.
2. One couldn't apparently bear malice at this watering place.
3. Give up your implement, it's plunder.
4. Early Saxon.
5. Its other name suggests waves for Hitler.
6. Not a drink one offers one's afternoon visitors.
7. They bring up the rear of the company.
8. Cabbage patches.
13. Part of the Rechabites' dinner?
14. This was, of course, Adele's professional relationship to Fred Astaire.
15. Wednesday soccer team.
17. Balkan city where the carillon player would take his degree?
20. Follower of a cause.
23. It's the weight that's mainly responsible for the bounce.
24. This extended from feast to octave.
26. Gad! It's a useful contrivance.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

Special rates are being offered to advertisers under this heading for an introductory series of small advertisements. Particulars and quotations from Advert. Manager, 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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NEAR the British Museum, Hart Street, W.C.1. Hot and cold water in all Bedrooms. Numerous private bathrooms. Bedroom, Bath and Breakfast from 8s. 6d. per night. Illustrated Booklet, "Walks in Old London," on application.

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CHAPEL RIDDING GUEST HOUSE, WINDERMERE. Beautiful position; large grounds; garage; central heating, all comforts. Moderate terms. Resident owners. Telephone: W'mere 285.

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HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS—continued

WINCHELSEA. Molly and Anthony Thomas have enlarged Petronilla's. H. & C. water and electric fires in bedrooms. Faces due south. Telephone: Winchelsea 24.

LITTLE Picket, Linkside, Hindhead. Small Guest House. Charming, warm and very comfortable. Telephone: 262.

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TORQUAY, Howden Court, 3 minutes by private path to sea. Sun room. Private bathrooms if required, h. and c. in bedrooms. Tel.: 2807. A.A. appointed.

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PRIVATE ADVANCES AVAILABLE IMMEDIATELY. REGIONAL TRUST LTD. (Regent 5983.) 8 Clifford St., New Bond St., London, W.1.

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MIKAH PREPARATIONS ARE HIGHLY RECOMMENDED.
Mikah Brand Ointment for Rheumatism, Arthritis, Colds, Stiffness, 1s. 3d. or 2s. 6d. jar.
Mikah Psoriasis Cure is a Cure! 3s. bott.
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Mikah Eczema, Psoriasis, and all Skin Troubles, 2s. 6d. bott.
Try them. You will be thankful you did so.
SEND for these to MIKAH PREPARATIONS, Ash, Aldershot.

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THE CASANI SCHOOL OF BALLROOM DANCING. 90 Regent Street (Piccadilly Circus). Private Lessons daily, 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., in all the latest ballroom dances. Guaranteed to teach you steps of any dance in THREE PRIVATE LESSONS, £1 1s 0d. Practice Classes every Tuesday, 8.30 to 10.30 p.m. 3s. 'PHONE REGENT 4438-9.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY TOREADOR

BETTER FEELINGS—RECOVERY SHARES—GILT-EDGED PROSPECTS—GUILDER AND LIRA—NITRATE BONDS

FROM time to time, but never too often, I remind my readers that the stock markets are a state of consciousness. This was made clear on Tuesday when for no obvious reason markets felt better and prices improved. The tension may not have been broken in Geneva but it had lifted in the City of London. A new supposition had been made. Last week I mentioned two—if the League system does not break down—(*a*) Mussolini accepts a compromise under threat of sanctions, or (*b*) there are naval sanctions to make the peace. The new supposition is that mild economic sanctions will be applied by a majority of Powers which do not prevent the outbreak of hostilities in Abyssinia but avoid the necessity of a war between Italy and Great Britain. This would be quite sufficient for a market recovery. Looking back, the leading shares in the industrial markets have not reacted a great deal—not far enough to induce me to recommend them as cheap. For example :—

	Price 8th Aug.	Present Price.	Dividend, %. Last.	Dividend, %. Est.	Gross Yield % on Estimated Dividend.
Imperial Chemical Industries £1	35/-	34/3	8	8	£4 13 6
Associated Portland Cement £1	58/-	56/3	10	12½ or 15	£4 8 9 £5 6 9
Carreras £1 "A" Ord.	8 7/16	7¾	35	40 or 37½	£5 3 3 £4 16 9
Imperial Tobacco £1 ..	7¼	6¹³/₁₆	22½ net	22½ net	£4 5 9

A reader has asked me for one or two speculative shares which, on a return of confidence, might appreciate quickly. Here are two suggestions—but the first, being our leading aircraft share, does not exactly depend upon a return of confidence in peace :—

	Price 8th Aug.	Present Price.	Dividend, %. Last	Dividend, %. Est.	Gross Yield % on Estimated Dividend.
Bristol Aeroplane £1 ..	62/6	68/6	30*	25 or 30	£3 13 0 £4 7 6
Shell Transport £1 ..	75/7½	70/7½	12½ net	12½ net	£4 11 3

* On new capital equivalent rate would be 23.4%.

Bristol Aeroplane, according to its own magazine, is now manufacturing nearly 50 per cent. of all the engines required for the new R.A.F.

* * *

Seeing that no change has yet occurred in the basic conditions governing the supply and demand of money, the gilt-edged market, on a complete return of confidence, would normally appreciate as much as industrial shares. But I doubt whether the return of confidence can be so complete. In the present state of Europe the risk premium demanded by lenders, as I have said, is bound to be increased. Since the beginning of the year it has, in fact, been increased by about ¼ per cent., as the next table will show :—

	Price 2nd Jan.	Price 24th Sept.	Gross Yields (Flat). 2nd Jan. £ s. d.	Gross Yields (Flat). 24th Sept. £ s. d.	Gross Yields (Redemption).* 2nd Jan. £ s. d.	Gross Yields (Redemption).* 24th Sept. £ s. d.
War Loan, 1952 or after ...	109¼	103½	3 4 3	3 8 3	2 14 3	3 4 9
Conversion 3½%, 1961 or after...	111¾	102¾ x.d.	3 3 3	3 8 3	2 16 0	3 6 3
Locals 3% ...	97½ x.d.	91¾ x.d.	3 1 6	3 5 6	—	—
Consolidated 2½%	93¾ x.d.	82½ x.d.	2 13 6	3 0 9	—	—
Funding 4%, 1960–90 ...	121	113¾	3 6 6	3 11 3	2 13 3	3 2 6
Consolidated 4%, 1957 or after ...	118	110¾	3 7 6	3 12 6	2 13 3	3 3 9
Victory 4% (drawings) ...	118½	111¼	3 8 0	3 12 0	2 15 9 (Average term, say, 24 years.)	3 3 9
Funding 3%, 1959–69 ...	104¾	98¾ x.d.	2 17 9	3 0 6	2 14 3	3 1 3
Conversion 3%, 1948–53 ...	106¾	102	2 16 9	2 18 9	2 7 0	2 15 6
Conversion 2½%, 1944–49 ...	102¾	98 x.d.	2 8 9	2 11 0	2 3 3	2 14 6

* Gross equivalent of net redemption yield with tax at 4*s.* 6*d.*

Institutional investors appear to be taking the view that the peak was reached in the long-dated or irredeemable stocks at the beginning of the year, that the long-term rate of interest is more likely to rise than fall, and that it is prudent to exchange from 3 per cent. Local Loans, 2½ per cent. Consols, and even 3½ per cent. War Loan or 3½ per cent. Conversion into 4 per cent. Victory Bonds. For the private investor 4 per cent. Victory Bonds, being subject to annual drawings at par, are not so attractive as 4 per cent. Consols, and I think that 3½ per cent. War Loan or 3½ per cent. Conversion should be purchased whenever they return a flat yield of nearly 3½ per cent.

* * *

Not only has there been a flight from European currencies into dollars, for investment in American securities, but there has been de-hoarding of gold in London for rehoarding in dollars. The war scare thoroughly frightened the gold hoarders, for it was thought that if Great Britain were involved in hostilities the Government would lay an embargo on the export of gold. In the two weeks ending on September 21st $132 millions of gold reached New York from Europe, France accounting for £9½ millions, Great Britain for nearly £6 millions, and Holland for £8,360,000. The guilder is again on the danger list. Dr. Colijn stated on Tuesday that it would be very difficult to prevent devaluation, notwithstanding the Government's fixed intention to the contrary, if there was a flight from the guilder on the part of the Dutch public. This is the first indication that Dr. Colijn is preparing to accept defeat. Speculative selling of Dutch guilders three months forward is likely to be encouraged by this statement, and I doubt whether the guilder can long remain at its present parity. A reader, nervous about his gold shares, asks whether a "disinclination to purchase gold may set in if Holland and the rest of the gold bloc came off the gold standard." He need not worry. The gold countries will not allow their exchanges to fluctuate wildly, unpegged, but will devalue and fix new gold parities. The sterling price of gold will then be determined by the new exchange rates between the pound and the revalued gold currencies. A decline in the sterling price of gold does not seem probable. The gold "premium" in the London market may disappear, but a repatriation of funds from London to Amsterdam, etc., after revaluation of the gold currencies, will tend to depress sterling and raise the sterling price of gold. Moral—gold shares should be held.

* * *

To what extent the lira will eventually be devalued it is idle to speculate—50 per cent. is as good a guess as any. Prices are rising rapidly, the budget is being hopelessly unbalanced, and if there is to be any boycott of Italian goods by the League Powers the country is economically "broke" as well as financially. The financial consequences of war are fully appreciated on the Italian bourses. The slump in fixed interest and equity stocks has already been sensational. Here are two of the leading industrials :—

MILAN PRICES	End July.	Sept. 23rd.
Fiat	423	270
Snia Viscosa	429	268

The Italian Government had to attract subscribers to its new "Colonial Defence" loan by offering 5 per cent. tax-free bonds at 95. It is strange that Mussolini finds it necessary to offer bribes to capitalists for the loan of their money, but does not hesitate to conscript human cannon-fodder.

* * *

It has been on my conscience for a long time to reply to an enquiry regarding nitrate and Anglo-Chilean debentures. It is a sad and scandalous story, but this nitrate year (to June, 1936) Chile is better off, for she has obtained, under the international agreement, a percentage (approximately 20 per cent.) of the nitrate sales in world markets. It is estimated that she will sell from 1,250,000 to 1,300,000 tons. All the nitrate producers in Chile have now to hand over their output to a "public board" at cost plus $1.50 U.S. to cover depreciation. This public board (the Nitrate-Iodine Sales Corporation) controls the world sales, and its profits, estimated this year at about £2,350,000, are divided as follow : (1) 25 per cent. (£587,000) to the Government ; (2) £610,000 to the service of the board's 5 per cent. income debentures ; (3) 20 per cent. (£470,000) to the bankers financing the old stocks ; and (4) about £700,000 to the producing companies in proportion to their quotas—Tarapaca and Antofagasta (the reconstructed Cosach) 31 per cent., Lautaro 36 per cent., and Anglo-Chilean 28 per cent. It will be seen that the service of the 5 per cent. income bonds of the board (now quoted at 69) is covered 2.89 times. This is important for holders of the old Cosach 7 per cent. prior secured bonds which are convertible into these bonds. Lautaro's share of the profits would cover only 40 per cent. of their interest charges : hence its bonds and preference shares will have to be written down drastically. The Anglo-Chilean share of the profits, together with the railway profits, should suffice to cover its 7 per cent. sterling debenture service, but not that of the dollar bonds. At 48 the sterling bonds may be dear as compared with the dollar bonds at 18 for negotiations are proceeding with the dollar bond holders.

THE charge for classified advertisements is One Shilling and Sixpence per line per insertion (a line averages seven words). One line should be added for Box Number. Substantial reduction for a series of insertions. Copy first post Wednesday. The Advert. Manager, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. (Hol. 3216.)

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CONWAY HALL, Red Lion Square, W.C.1.—Sunday September 29th, at 11 a.m.: S. K. RATCLIFFE: "THE BOOK OF JOB: A MODERN ARGUMENT." Tuesday, October 1st, at 7 p.m.: BERTRAND RUSSELL: "PURPOSE IN THE UNIVERSE." Admission Free. Visitors welcome.

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